

School of Theology at Claremont



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# WHISPERS FROM ETERNITY



*by*

SWAMI YOGANANDA



Sivani Yogeeswari

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**Whispers from Eternity**

UNIVERSAL SCIENTIFIC PRAYERS  
AND POEMS

By

**SWAMI YOGANANDA**



PUBLISHED BY YOGODA AND SAT-SANGA  
MOUNT WASHINGTON CENTER  
*3880 San Rafael Avenue*  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA  
1929

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*Dedicated unto*

*All the soul-temples of Christians, Moslems,  
Buddhists, Hebrews and Hindus,  
Wherein the Cosmic Heart is throbbing equally  
always—*

*And unto*

*All the multi-colored lamps of various true teach-  
ings,  
In which shines the same one white flame of  
God—*

*And unto*

*All churches, mosques, viharas, tabernacles, and  
temples of the world—  
Wherein our own One Father dwells impartially  
in the fullness of His glory.*

## FOREWORD

In *Whispers from Eternity* by our Swami Yogananda, we are taught to pray to our Heavenly Father by *demanding* instead of begging, and thus not limit ourselves to the law of beggary. The Swami explains in the beginning why all our prayers are not answered. All the property belonging to a father can be claimed by his son, but not by a beggar. That is why the Swami tells us, that in order to demand, we must first revive our forgotten identity with the Father by deep meditation, and that we must learn to remember by right living that God made us in His Image.

In this sacred book we are shown how to resurrect dead, old-fashioned prayers, and through their living qualities bring response from the silent Almighty. Instead of parroting dead prayers, we learn to saturate them with God-invoking love.

We are taught how to avoid two extremes—egotistical guidance from self, and blind, passive dependence on God. It teaches us how to use our own God-given Will and Concentration, guided not by ego but by God, in making life successful in every way. Consequently, the Swami writes: “I will reason, I will will, I will act; but guide Thou my reason, will and activity to the right thing that I should do.”

The prayers in this book serve to bring God closer, by describing the feelings which directly arise from actual God-contact. God is expressed here as something definite and tangible. The *Cosmic Idol* is the grand conception of the Infinite and Invisible made finite, tangible and visible. Nature, man, mind, and every visible object are all taken as materials to build a colossal Divine Idol, on which we can easily concentrate.

Followers of all religions can drink from this fountain of universal prayers. These prayers are an answer to the modern scientific mind, seeking God intelligently. This book gives us a great variety of prayers, which enables one to choose that

prayer most suited and helpful to his particular need.

My humble request to the reader, I express in the following lines:

Pass not by, with hurried intellectual reading, the mines of realization hidden beneath the soil of words in this sacred book. But, as the Swami says, daily and repeatedly dig deep into them with the pickaxe of your attentive, reverential and meditative study, when you will find the priceless gem of self-realization.

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

*September 23, 1929.*



WHISPERS FROM ETERNITY  
UNIVERSAL SCIENTIFIC PRAYERS AND POEMS

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## WHISPERS FROM ETERNITY\*

I was deaf, but Eternity whispered to me unceasingly. My wisdom's hearing-power slowly left its slumber, and I heard the Whispers of Eternity becoming ever clearer and clearer, in response to my sacred demands.

I asked Eternity—"What do Thy Whispers mean?"

The Whispers grew stronger and stronger until at last, suddenly, Eternity loudly whispered—"Hear, thou, God's Whispers of Guidance, eternally. I am His Spokesman—Eternity. I have whispered through thy slumber of ages—'Wake thyself!' Now, thou art awake,—and yet My Whispers will never cease to say—'Wake thy brothers!' In the nooks of sleeping minds, every

\*The word "Eternity," as used herein, is meant to symbolize God as manifested in nature and human souls. This book endeavors to show how a practical communion can be established between Eternity and the human mind. Communion with Intangible God is only possible through tangible Eternity.

Man's demands to God and Eternity for guidance must be made through effectual secret whispers, in deep meditation; which will be answered through helpful whispers. These demands should be unceasingly whispered into the ears of living Eternity in the human soul; then God and Eternity will respond with mysterious, silent help—changing one's entire being and environment.

where, My Whispers are constantly working. Work thou with me, through living, eternal Whispers—that all may hear His Voice.”

I replied to Eternity—“I will send whispers to all sleeping and awakened brothers, saying—‘Awake! Get ready! Come home where He pipes Perennial Peace!’ And I will borrow Thy Voice, Eternity, when my earthly voice can whisper no more, and then I will still whisper through Thee—‘O! hear His all-solacing Song-whispers!’ ”

I will wait for all, just to utter Eternity’s Whispers, eternally. Even as my countless brothers, beasts, and atom-sparks, slowly travel toward the Chamber of Final Freedom, in a seemingly endless train, I will softly whisper through these *Whispers from Eternity*: “Awake! Let us all go Home together, following His ever-calling whispers.”

## KEY TO DEMANDS

(Please read carefully)

*Spiritualizing a prayer or a demand.* Just as a wet match, when struck, does not produce a fire, so is a mind saturated with restlessness unable to produce the fire of concentration, even when super-efforts are made to strike the Cosmic Spark.

The flame of inspiration is hidden within the lines of the prayers and demands in this book, but since they are saturated with the waters of diverting printer's ink, paper, and intellectual meanings, one has to do away with these diversions in order to bring forth the flame of wisdom from within them. Different minds reading the same prayer will interpret it differently, and feel it differently. The vast ocean of truth can be measured, only according to the capacity of one's own cup of intelligence and perception. So will the inspiration behind the prayers and demands be felt according to the depth of one's intuition and feeling.

In order to feel all the God-warmth within any

of these prayers or demands, one should take only one paragraph at a time from any demand, mentally picture the meaning, visualize the imagery of the figure of speech, and meditate deeply on it, until the fiery meaning emanates, free from word limitations.

A word is like a drunken dumb-man, who *feels* what kind of liquor is in him but who is seldom able to clearly *express* himself about it. He may, by merely a cry or a little gesture, name the kind of wine he drank. So are the words in these demands drunk with God, but they would never be able fully to express and explain the quality of the wine of inspiration within them, except by way of a little gesture and mumbled cry of suggestion.

One may also read a complete prayer or demand and get a bird's-eye view of its entire meaning. But if he will read it over and over again, many times, and then, with closed eyes, repeatedly try to mentally *feel* the inspiration behind and within it, he will thus *spiritualize* it—that is, rouse the inspiration slumbering behind the thick, silken quilt of words.

Prayers and demands are like plants which daily

grow new blossoms: the flowers change, but the plants remain the same. So, a prayer-plant may have the same branches and leaves of words, but will every day yield new roses of God-feelings and inspirations, if one regularly waters the plant with meditation. The prayer-plant should be protected from storms of doubt, distraction, mental idleness, leaving meditation till tomorrow (the morrow-that-never-comes), absent-mindedness, and thinking of something else while imagining the mind is wholly on the soul of a prayer.

These parasites on the prayer-plants should be destroyed by the germicides of self-control, determination, and loyalty to a teaching. Thus, daily may be reaped the glowing, immortal roses of inspiration from the plants of these *prayer-demands*.

Be still, and let God answer through you: learn to know Him by knowing yourself; visualize Him as formless but with form, silent but with voice as well. For example, when God is described as a visible Cosmic Idol, worshipped with drumbeats of ocean-roars, one should actually try to mentally visualize the entire concept behind the Cosmic Idol. And when the Almighty is spoken

of as the Divine Mother, one should feel the same devotion to God, the Universal Mother, as a child feels toward its mother.

O! seeker after soul-awakening! Every day, dry the form-wet match-sticks of words in a demand with the heat of concentration; and then repeatedly scratch them on the surface of your mind, and at last you will see the Divine Flames leap from behind the marble-hardness of words.



## HINTS TO THE DEVOTIONAL READER

Please select a demand from the contents according to your need, and then calm your mind, by sitting motionless on a straight chair, with spine erect. With eyes closed or lifted (if open), meditate on the meaning of the demand selected by you, until it becomes a part of you. Then saturate the demand with devotion and meditate upon it. As your meditation becomes deeper, increase your devotion, and mentally offer the demand as your own heart's outburst. Imbue yourself with the faith that your heart's craving, expressed through this specific demand, is being felt by God. Feel that just behind the screen of your devotional demands, God stands listening to the silent words of your soul. Feel this! Be *one* with your heart's demand—and be thoroughly convinced that He has listened to you. Then go about your duties, seeking not to know whether God will grant your demand. Believe absolutely that your demand has been heard, and you will know that what is God's is yours also. Unceasingly medi-

tate on God, and when you *feel* Him, you will acquire dominion over all things.

Resurrect words from the sepulchre of hollow, intellectual concepts, by the Christ-command of your deepest perception.

Since these demands were given to me by the Universal Father, they are not mine. I only felt them and gave them expression through the avenue of words, in order that I might share them with you. My blessing goes with them, and I pray that they may strike an answering note on the living harpstrings of your heart, so that you may feel them just as I have felt them.

Peace! Bliss! Peace!

SACRED DEMANDS TO THE INFINITE  
 DEMANDS FOR DEVELOPING COSMIC  
 CONSCIOUSNESS\*

1

*The Flaming*                    O! You who have come to  
*Message.*                    the portals of these Prayers:  
    Pass not by in haste. But enter,  
 and bathe in the sacred pool of God-Love, hidden  
 behind the ramparts of meditation.

Every day, take one Prayer-demand at a time, and read it carefully. First, get the *intellectual* concept,—then *concentrate* upon it, addressing it to God by deep, unceasing, forceful, mental Whispers.

At last, the Demand will become individualized. Fragrant flower-thoughts will blossom from the original Prayer-plant, thoughts born of concentration and watered by the divine dew of meditation.

Each word, if it is a word, shall wear, *for you*, a garment of burning flame. Each word will be a guiding torch-light in the procession of prayer-thoughts marching to God. Each word will spread

\*See glossary.

flames to light the path of some lost brother on the way. Each word-flame will sing a song that He has sung. Each word-flame will reveal some lost gem of Truth. Each word-flame will illumine some dark corner of the mind. Each thought-flame will, in silence, pour sermons of His sacredness. Each feeling-flame will hum the presence of His Love, everywhere, and will wake the sleeping ones to hear His ever-calling Voice, saying: "Come Home!"

2

*We demand as*            Thou art our Father. We  
*Thy children.*            are made in Thine Own Image.  
    We are sons of God. We  
 neither ask nor pray like beggars, but *demand* as  
 Thy children, wisdom, salvation, health, happiness,  
 eternal joy. Naughty or good, we are Thy children.  
 Help us to find Thy will in us. Teach us to use  
 independently the human will (since Thou gavest  
 that to us to use freely), in tune with Thy wis-  
 dom-guided will. Teach us to use our will, guided  
 by wisdom.

3

*Cosmic Salutation (inspired by the Bhagavad Gita\*, the Hindu Bible).* O Spirit, I bow to Thee, in front of me, behind me, on the left and on the right. I bow to Thee above and beneath. I bow to Thee all around me. I bow to Thee, within and without me. I bow to Thee everywhere, for Thou art everywhere.

4

*Demand † for re-charging body-battery.* O Spirit, teach us to heal the body by re-charging it with Thy Cosmic Energy, to heal the mind by concentration and smiles, and the soul by meditation-born intuition.

5

*Spiritually interpreted Lord's Prayer.* † O Heavenly Father, Mother, Friend, Beloved God, may the halo of Thy Presence spread through all minds, all lands.

May the kingdom of matter-worship be changed into Thy worship. Since we cannot love anything without Thee, may we learn to

\*See glossary.

†Yogoda prayer-demand.

love Thee first and most, above all else. May Thy heavenly kingdom of bliss which is in Thy Spirit, manifest itself in all its divine qualities on earth, and may it be made free from limitations, imperfections, and miseries. Let Thy kingdom which is within, manifest itself without.

Father, leave us not in the pit of temptations, wherein we fell through our own misuse of Thy given reason. And when we are free and stronger, if it be Thy wish to test us, to see if we love Thee more than temptation—then, Father, make Thyself more tempting than temptation itself. Father, if it be Thy will to test us, develop our powers to stand and conquer Thy tests.

Give us our daily bread: food, health, and prosperity for the body, efficiency for the mind, and above all, Thy wisdom and Thy love for our souls. Teach us to deliver ourselves, with Thy help, from the meshes of ignorance woven by our own carelessness.

6

*Universal †*                    With myriad living thoughts  
*prayer of the*                of devotion, I have built for  
*Cosmic Temple.*            Thee a temple of awakened si-  
     lence. I have brought the multi-  
     colored lamps of wisdom from all good faiths.  
 They all shine with the lustre of Thy One Truth.

The commingled incense of human cravings for Thee, soars in spirals from the vase of our hearts. Thy Sacred Presence is glistening on the altars, everywhere.

All prayers of all temples, tabernacles, churches, and mosques are chanting to Thee in the one universal loud language of love. The orchestra of our feelings plays in tune with the chorus of all soul-songs, the cry of all tears, the bursting shout of all joys, and the anthem of all prayers.

In this wall-less Cosmic Temple of our souls, we worship Thee, our One Father. Be pleased to reveal Thyself thus, always. Amen, Aum, Amin\*.

\*See glossary.

†Yogoda prayer-demand.

7

*Worshipping*            O Infinite, I shall worship  
*the Cosmic Idol.*    Thee as finite, to-day. O Cos-  
mic Silence, I shall hear Thy un-  
heard Voice through the murmur of brooks, the  
song of nightingales, the sound of blown conch-  
shells, the beat of oceans, the hum of vibrations.

India-wise, in the cosmic temple of my mind,  
in ceremony I shall worship Thee, my Idol of Finitude. I will behold in reverence Thy Face, glowing red with vital power in the sun, and bestowing soothing moonbeam-glances to dispel my gloom.

I shall no more call Thee unseen, for during my worship I shall look straight through Thy infinite, starry Eyes into Thy Mystic Heart. With Thy Breath of the heaving wind I shall mix my borrowed breath. My wordless chants of yearning for Thee will sing in cadence with my heart-throbs. I shall feel Thy Heart throb in all hearts. I shall watch Thy Working Hands in the laws of gravitation and all other forces. In the feet of all living creatures I shall hear Thy Footsteps.

In my worship, I shall behold Thy vast, skiey Body, adorned with the dark, twinkling veil of



night, or the pale light of dawn, or the grey twilight. O, my Cosmic Idol, garlanded with the stringed beads of the Milky-way, diademed with the rainbow, wearing diamonds of glittering planets, I bow to Thee.

The pores of the sky sweat with Thy life, and Thy blood runs through Thy veins of rivers, streams, streamlets, and the blood-cells of men. No more as unseen shall I worship Thee, but as my seen, Cosmic-bodied Idol.

The temple-bells of nature's harmony, the drum-beats of sea-roars, the myriad candles of minds and chants of all churches, devotion-flowers from the garden of souls, and the incense of loves—are all assembled by me for Thy worship, O Visible Idol of my soul.

With opened eyes and the eye of my mind, I shall behold Thee, my Living Idol of Nature-God, and worship Thee with vocal or mental chants, with a bouquet of devotion, activity, and wisdom, with the language of love, heart-whispers, tearless tears of meditation, and silent sobs of intuition.

8

*Salutation to the Great Preceptor (Sanskrit Scriptures).*      Bearing the Bliss of Brahma\*, happiness supreme; wearing the image of wisdom; beyond the dispute of duality; free as the soaring sky; Knower of all there is to be known; one perennial, taintless Thou; Witness of all happenings; beyond all conceptions' boundaries; uncolored by the good, bad, and active qualities: my ever-awake Preceptor—I bow to Thee!

9

*Thou Mother of Flames, show Thy Face, hidden beneath the veil of Cosmic Motion Pictures.*      O Mother of time, space, forms, and relativity, Thou hast taken a finite form—the Kali-Divine\*, colossal, symbol-idol of all-sheltering nature. The Spirit was invisible and took the shape of a visible Mother Divine—in whom throbs the heart of all-protecting, mothering kindness.

O Mother Divine! Thy beauty-mark of the moon is set between Thy two dark eye-brows of twilight and night. Clouds of eternity veil Thy

\*See glossary.

Face. Gusts of prophetic lives often have fitfully dared to blow Thy veil of mystery away, momentarily revealing Thy Face hiding behind the stares of ignorance.

O Mother Divine, in the dawn of creation we beheld Thee on the track of time, roaming in the rustic attire of primitive culture, crowned with wild nature, and wearing the garland of unpolished minds and opaque, finite things.

In the noon-day of creation, I beheld Thee, wearing a garment of sunny mentalities, scorching souls with the heat of their own material fire. Thy Body of Activity sweated with restlessness. All Thy children felt the heat of want, and implored Thee to send the cooling breeze of peace.

In Thy noon-hour of fulfillment, Thou didst equally attend the forsaken slums of misery, and the halls of festive prosperity, and the shrines of peaceful wisdom.

In Thy attire of mid-day mentalities, Thou didst travel through the fiestas of centuries: beholding the dream of human life and death, of the evolution and dissolution of plants, of the birth and

death of civilizations, of the drama of nebulae-moulding worlds—the dream of new-born planets and earthquakes and partial dissolutions. Then the dark night approached, and Thou didst wear the grim, dark veil of mourning, to put creation through the terrible but purifying ordeal of destruction's fire. The sun burst and belched fire; the cosmic earthquake broke the vase of the sky, dropping embers of stars; and all creation was a furnace of flames. Everything was fire: for matter, sin, darkness, all things, were cast into it, there to become pure, luminous flames.

Creation came from fire: beneath the ashes of matter, the embers of Creation slept; and, rocked by the hands of Mother Divine, Creation awoke with its body of pure flames.

Thy one hand holds the lightning-sword of destruction: another clutches the severed head of ignorance: Thy third hand of power wakes Unseen Creative Force, to take finite, fairy forms: the wand of Thy fourth hand stops the storms of cosmic discord, ushering in the soothing rays of Peace.

O Kali, Thou wild Mother of creative activity,

wearing a garland of human minds: the rhythm of Thy wild dance of creation ceases when Thy footsteps touch the transcendental breasts of Thy Invisible Husband of Infinity—Shiva\*, in Whom all creation rests.

O Mother-Progress, the dance of Thy life we hear in the tinkling bells of little laughing, harmonious lives. On the floor of my tender thoughts, Thy inspirations softly dance in tune with the music of the spheres.

In the Hall of Creation, everywhere, O Kali, I hear the rhythm of Thy footsteps, dancing wildly in the booming thunder, and softly in the song of atoms.

The Infinite sleeps beneath the shroud of magic delusion, and then, O Goddess of Forms, Thy fantastic dances of finitude begin on His Bosom. Thou hast danced nearer than the throbs of my soul, and I heard the symphony of Thy steps on the farthest horizons of my mind. Divine Mother, Thou mayest dance everywhere: but O, I pray Thee, do Thou ever play the music of Thy magic footsteps in the sacred sanctum of my soul!

O Mother Divine, in Thy changing robes are  
\*See glossary.

woven the dreams of creation, preservation, and destruction, Mother Divine, on the beauteous veil of Thy Mind a million cinemas of cosmic dramas play. Thus dost Thou entertain and amuse Thy good children, and frighten Thy naughty ones.

Mother Divine, draw aside Thy glittering veil of cosmic motion pictures and show me Thy delusion-driving Face of Mercy.

10

*Demand for the opening of the spiritual temple doors everywhere.*

O Father, when I was blind I found not a door which led to Thee, but now that Thou hast opened my eyes, I find doors everywhere: through the hearts of flowers, through the voice of friendship, through sweet remembrances of all lovely experiences. Every gust of my prayer opens an unentered door in the vast Temple of Thy Presence.

PRAYERS AT DAWN, NOON, EVENING  
AND NIGHT

11

*Prayer at Dawn.* With the opening of the earliest dawn and the lotus-buds, my soul softly opens in prayer to receive Thy light. Bathe each petal of my mind with Thy radiant rays! I saturate myself with the perfume of Thy Presence, and I wait to waft with the breeze the aroma of Thy message of love to all. Bless me, that with the spreading dawn I may spread Thy love everywhere. Bless me, that with the awakening dawn I may awaken all souls with my own and bring them to Thee.

12

*Prayer at Noon.* The sun shines high in the heavens: everything is fully awake. Awaken Thou me, likewise! Thou art invisible, yet Thy energy flows through the rays of sunshine. Fill my veins with Thy invisible rays, making me strong and tireless. As the sun shines in the busiest streets, may I behold Thy rays of Protecting Love in the crowded places of my life's activities. As the light shines steadily, undisturbed, on the street, whether crowded or empty, so may I

hold my calmness and my strength steadily, while I move through the crowded or empty streets of life. Give me strength; and what I receive, teach me to share with others.

13

*Prayer at Eventide.*                      The day is done. Refreshed and sanctified with the sunshine of the day, I pass through the portals of evening, dimly adorned with faint stars, to enter into the temple of silence and worship Thee. I worship Thy Spirit of approaching calmness. What prayers shall I offer, for I have no words to offer Thee? I shall light a little fire of devotion on the altar of my soul. Will that light suffice to bring Thee into my dark temple: my dimly lighted temple, dark with my ignorance? Come! I crave, I yearn for Thee!

14

*Prayer at Night.*                      With closed eyes, I sit in the temple of night and worship Thee. The light of the sun, with a million alluring things, has vanished. One by one, I have closed the doors of my senses, lest the aroma of the rose,



or the song of the nightingale, distract my love from Thee. I am alone in this dark, dark temple. I have left everything, but where art Thou? Darkness is haunting; but, unafraid, I am groping, seeking, crying for Thee. Wilt Thou leave me alone? Come, show Thyself!

The door of my memory flings open. Throb- bingly thrilled, my heart looks for Thee, but I find Thee not. Halt! ye throng of a million thoughts and experiences past! Come not into my sacred temple. I close the bursting, thought-pressed door and run everywhere to find Thee. Where art Thou?

Darkness deepens, and as I sit still, in deepening despair, I behold a little taper of concentration burning within me. I stand up, and madly rush through the dimly lighted temple—the farther I go, the deeper the darkness becomes. I clasp the empty darkness in hopes of seizing Thee. Finding Thee not, in despair I return again, and see the taper dimly burning. I sing outwardly a loud prayer: my large tear-drops, and my loud gusts of prayer almost extinguish the taper. I shall pray no more with loud words: I shall not rush or run

in the temple of darkness—I shall sit still. I shall not drown the taper with my tears. I command my breath to make no sound: I rebuke my boisterous love for Thee.

The taper of meditation burns brighter now. Oh, how maddening! I cannot worship Thee with words, but only with wistful yearning. Brighter the light grows: I behold Thee now. Thou art I. I worship Thee.

As night hides everything, I shall worship Thee in hidden silence.

At night all creatures sleep: with the night let me sleep in Thee, under cover of darkness—Thou and I in lovely silent union! I am glad with the joy of all minds. The screen of the night I shall use to hide myself from the tempting things of the day.

O Night, when I am worried, throw thy veil of silent darkness around me. Create a dark temple for me wherever I go, that I may invoke and call Him, Whom I love, at any time, anywhere, everywhere.

15

*Prayer-de- †  
mand before  
taking food.*

Heavenly Father, receive this food. Make it holy. Let no impurity of greed ever defile it. The food comes from Thee. It

is to build Thy temple. Spiritualize it. Spirit to Spirit goes. We are the petals of Thy manifestation, but Thou art the flower, its life, beauty, and loveliness. Permeate our souls with the fragrance of Thy Presence.

16

*Prayer †  
demand for  
recharging of  
body-battery.*

O Conscious, Cosmic Energy, it is Thou Who dost directly support my body. Solid, liquid, and gaseous foods, are converted and spiritualized into energy,

by Thy Cosmic Energy,—and it supports my body. Help me to learn, O Spirit, to live more and more by direct cosmic energy and less and less by food. Being energy, burning in the bulb of the senses, I recharge myself with Thy cosmic energy.

†Yogoda prayer-demand.

17

*Prayer before  
practicing  
concentration.*

Teach me, O Spirit, by meditation, to stop the storm of breath, mental restlessness, and sensory disturbances raging in the lake of my mind. Let the magic wand of my intuition stop the gale of passions and unnecessary desires, and in the rippleless lake of my mind, let me behold the undistorted reflection of the moon of my soul, glistening with the Light of Thy Presence.

18

*Demand for  
Pearls of  
Wisdom to be  
obtained in the  
sea of medita-  
tion.*

Father Divine, teach me to dive deep in the ocean of meditation for the pearls of wisdom. Teach me to plunge headlong, armoured with the diving suit of conscience, that the sharks of passions may not destroy me. If I find not the wisdom-pearls by one or two dives, teach me not to call the sea of meditation devoid of the pearls of Thy wisdom. *Rather teach me to find fault with my diving.* Teach me to dive again and again in meditation, deeper and deeper

always, until I find Thy immortal pearls of wisdom and divine joy.

19

*Prayers for expanding love from self to all brethren.*                      O Divine Mother, teach me to use the gift of Thy Love in my heart to love the members of my family more than myself.

Bless me, that I may love my neighbors still more than my family. Expand me, so that I love my country more than my neighbors, and that I love *my world* and all human brethren more than my country, neighbors, family, and myself.

Lastly, teach me to love Thee more than anything else, for it is Thy love with which I love everything. Without Thee I cannot love anybody or anything.

Father Divine, teach me to enter through the portals of family love, or through the love of my friends into the mansion of wider social love. Teach me, then, to pass through the doors of social love into the wider mansion of international love. Teach me to pass through the portals of

international love into the endless territory of Divine Love, in which I may perceive all animate and inanimate objects as breathing and living by Thy Love.

Teach me to tarry not at any of the fascinating, gorgeous gates of family, social, or international love. Teach me to pass through all these portals, leading to smaller territories of love, until, passing through the last gate of human love, I can enter into the endless territory of Divine Love, in which I shall find all living, semi-living or sleeping things as my own.

20

*A bouquet of all loves of God.*      O God the Father, teach me to make a bouquet of the variously hued flowers of filial, conjugal, friendly, parental, masterly loves, and to lay it on the altar of my heart, where Thou reignest. If I cannot make a bouquet, I shall pluck the rarest love that grows in the garden of my devotion and shall lay that before Thee. Wilt Thou receive it?

21

*Prayer* †                    O Holy Vibration\*, boom on  
*demand to the*            the shores of my consciousness.  
*Holy Vibration*        Break the limiting boundary of  
*for Omni-*                    my consciousness in the body.  
*presence.*                    Reverberate through my body,  
    mind, soul, my surroundings,  
 the cities, the earth, the planets, the universe, and  
 every particle of creation. Unite my conscious-  
 ness with Cosmic-consciousness\*.

22

*Prayer* †                    O Cosmic-vibration, rever-  
*demand for Self-*        berate through me as the cos-  
*realization.*                mic, intelligent sound, and  
 teach me to find in Thee the presence of the re-  
 flected Christ-consciousness\*. O Holy Vibration,  
 lead me to intuit the Christ-consciousness in Thee.

O Omnipresent, Cosmic Sound\* of Amen or  
 Aum\*, reverberate through me, expanding my con-  
 sciousness from the body to the universe, and  
 teach me to feel in Thee the all-permeating, Per-  
 ennial Bliss.

\*See glossary.

†Yogoda prayer-demand.

23

*Prayer †*                      No more shall my conscious-  
*demand for re-*              ness remain bottled in this phial  
*moving the Cork*              of flesh, corked with ignorance.  
*of Ignorance.*              No more shall I remain mov-  
    ing through the Sea of Cos-  
    mic-consciousness, night and day, years, incar-  
    nations: so close, without contacting the Sea.  
    Through the bursting vibration of Cosmic Sound,  
    and the surging of Thy Holy Name, I have re-  
    moved the cork of ignorance, which so long separ-  
    ated Thee from me, though living so near. Now  
    my consciousness within the body will meet the all-  
    pervading consciousness without. No longer, as  
    do many, shall I walk in Thee, knowing and feel-  
    ing Thee not. Thy Image within, shall meet Thy  
    Image which is everywhere. By releasing the  
    "I-ness" in me, I know that I am Thou, and that  
    it is Thou Who art the little egos of all.

†Yogoda prayer-demand.



APPRECIATING THE MANIFESTATIONS  
OF GOD IN THE TEMPLE  
OF GREAT LIVES

24

*My Guru.*                   Thou Light of my Life—  
                                  Thou camest to spread Wis-  
dom's glow over the path of my soul. Centuries  
of darkness shifted, before the march of Thy be-  
nign help. As a naughty baby, I cried for my  
Mother Divine, and She came to me as my Guru\*  
—Swami\* Sriyukteswar\*. At that meeting, O  
my Guru, a spark flew from Thee, and the  
faggots of my God-cravings, gathered through in-  
carnations, smouldered and blazed into bliss. All  
my questions are answered through Thy flaming,  
golden touch. Eternal, ever-present satisfaction  
has come to me through Thy glory.

My Guru, Thou the Voice of God, I found  
Thee in response to my soul-cries. Slumbers of  
sorrow are gone, and I am awake in bliss.

If all the gods are displeased and yet Thou art  
pleased, I am safe in the fortress of Thy pleasure.  
And if all the gods protect me by the para-

\*See glossary.

pets of their blessings, and yet I receive not Thy benedictions, I am an orphan, left to pine spiritually in the ruins of Thy displeasure. O Guru—Thou didst bring me out of the bottomless pit of darkness into the Paradise of Peace.

Our souls met after years of waiting. They trembled with omnipresent thrill. We met here, because we had met before.

Together we will fly to His Shores, and then we will smash our planes of finitude forever and vanish in our Infinite Life.

I bow to Thee as the Spoken Voice of Silent God: I bow to Thee as the Divine Door leading to the Temple of Salvation. I bow to Thee—to Thy Master, Lahiri Mahasaya\*; harbinger of Yoga\* in Bengal; and I lay the flowers of my devotion at the feet of Babaji\*, our supreme Master!

25

<p><i>Come to me, O Christ, as the Divine Shep- herd of Souls.</i></p>	<p>O Christ—Thou rarest Flower of Hearts—Thou didst sail on the storm-tossed lake of hard minds. Its evil-scented, gloomy thought-waves lashed Thy lily-tender Soul. They crucified Thee with</p>
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\*See glossary.

their evil. Yet Thou didst shed the aroma of goodness and forgiveness, and didst help them to be purified by remorse, so helping them to become attractively sweet-scented with Thy all-loving Flower-Soul.

O Thou Great Lover of error-torn brothers—an unseen monument of the mightiest miracle of love was established in each heart when the magic wand of Thy Voice uttered: “Forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

Thou hast healed the cataract of hatred, and now we have grown to see: “Love thine enemies as thyself, for they are thy brothers—though sick and sleeping.”

Thou hast taught us not to increase their delirious kicks of hatred by battering them with the bludgeons of revenge. Thy undying sympathy hath inspired us to heal and wake our brothers, suffering from the delirium of anger, by the soothing salve of our forgiveness.

Thy crucifixion reminds us of the *daily* crucifixion of our fortitude by trials, of our wisdom by ignorance, of our self-control by the scathing

hands of temptation, and of our love by misunderstanding.

Thy test on the cross proved the victory of Thy wisdom over ignorance, of Thy soul over flesh, of Thy happiness over pain, and of Thy love over hatred. So are we heartened to bear our crosses bravely and pleasantly. Teach us to pour sweetness when crucified by harshness, to bear calmness when crucified by worries, to give understanding unceasingly to those who unjustly hate us.

O Shepherd of Souls, wandering hearts are of themselves seeking the one fold of divine devotion. We have heard the ever-calling music of Thy infinite kindness. Our one desire is to be at home with Thee, to receive the Cosmic Father with joyous, open eyes of wisdom, and to know that we are all sons of our own One God.

Teach us to conquer the Satan of dividing selfishness, which prevents the union of brother-souls into the one fold of Spirit.

Calling to one another by the watchword: "Love him who loves you, and love all who love you not," let us rally beneath the canopy of universal-sense of Christ-one-ness. Amen.

26

*Come to me, O Krishna, as the Divine Cow-herd.*      O Krishna\*, Lord of Hindustan, I sorrowed by the vacant Jamuna river bank, where thy flute-notes thrilled the air and led the lost calves to their homes.

O Lotus of Love, musing on the sad absence of Thy delusion-driving-eyes, I saw Thy Invisible Spirit take form, frozen by my devotion's frost.

Thy divine form of sky-blue rays, with feet of eternity walked on the banks of my mind, planting lasting footprints of realization there. I am one of Thy lost calves which followed Thy flower-footprints on the shoals of time. Listening to the melody of Thy flute of wisdom, I am following the middle path of calm activity, by which Thou hast led many through the portals of the dark past.

Since we are of Thy fold, whether moving, sidetracked or held stationary by the fogs of disbelief, O Divine Christ-na, lead us back to Thy fold of everlasting freedom. O Krishna, Thou reignest in the heart-throne of each knower of Thy love.

\*See glossary.

27

*Come to me*                      Swami Shankara\*, Thou  
*as Swami*                        dazzling star, soaring in wis-  
*Shankara.*                        dom's skies, Thou hast shed  
    Thy Light over many souls  
 darkened by religious formalities.

Many sheep of human darkness have fled before the roar of Thy Self-realization. With Christ, thou hast sung: "I am He," "Thou art That", "I and my Father are One", and awakened us from our material sleep.

Thou first exponent of "matter exists not as it appears to be," we pay our homage to Thee.

O Swami of Swamis, Thou didst teach us to behold the One Ocean of Spirit, hidden beneath the dancing, melting waves of finite forms.

Thou didst tell us that our God is not gloom-faced or revengeful, a Fisherman of Faults, but His Face wears the aureole of all-alluring smiles. Thou hast shown us how to garner blossoming laughter of hearts, and how to adorn the vase of our souls with a bouquet of mighty, celestial laughter.

\*See glossary.

Our smiling lives were churned out of Thy sea of smiles, and in Thy sea of smiles our many lives dance; and at the lull of desire's storm, in Thy vast laughter we will merge.

O Shankara, many have seen the Sea of Spirit dancing in Thy smile: We bow to Thee!

28

*Come to me as*            O Moses\*, Thou Blossom of  
*Moses.*                    Prophets! Thy wisdom's power  
                                       has led many out of the  
 desert of sorrow to the smiling lands of joy.

The lips of Thy life have whispered the secret way to blaze the bushes of soul-darkness with wisdom's fire, and in its glow to behold God's Mercy-face.

In the "burning-bush" of Love, He saw Thee, wet with trickling tears of kindness to help all, and behold, He said:

"Let My ten Angels of Heaven escort Thee to earth, to blow in silence through the trumpets of all times, My Ten Commandments, declaring the march of My invisible army of divine qualities to fight the Satan of human darkness and his allies

\*See glossary.

of sin, error, untruth, and their gloom-drunk soldiers.”

O Moses, Thou Torch-bearer of Salvation, many soldier-souls are seeking to join Thee in Thy crowded march through the dark night of time, to fight the forces of gloom.

O God-loving Moses, teach us to fight weakness with power, and to worship supremely the God of Gods reigning in the throne of all hearts—and no other God!

29

*Come to me as* O Mohammed\*, Thou flaming  
*Mohammed.* Son of God! In the bright  
 lustre of Thy martial, celestial  
 song, many have found solace of activity for their  
 chivalrous souls, eager to rescue Dame Knowledge  
 from the Tyrant of Darkness.

None but the Divine Warrior wins in battle between strong peace and weak lust-pleasure, so Thy soldiers have dipped their rapiers of shining good into the poison hearts of evil and ebbd their lives away.

\*See glossary.



Mohammed, Iconoclast of Soul-shorn Symbol-idols, Thou didst teach to worship the One Form-less One, washed of all distorting dreams of symbols and forms.

Mohammed, Thy voice warned Thy fold not to stray in dry pastures of earth sense-lusts, but to browse on the richest harvests of mortal mind.

Alas! how few know Thou art the mortal enemy of sense-drugging, thought-devastating, God-driving liquors and opiates. Thou didst teach that the lust for wine is the misguided craving for the Real Wine, extracted from the winepress of sincere, regular prayer of *Namaz*\*.

Mohammed, Thy lighthouse of Koran\* hath guided many stray soul-ships to avoid the submerged rocks of sin and to voyage safely to His shore.

Thou didst teach by occasional fasting, or by dropping the company of gross food, to tempt the Spirit to descend upon the Altar of Refinement and partake of the Nectar of Souls.

Mohammed, with the beats of the war-drums of Allah Ho Akbar\*, or the Almighty, drive away

\*See glossary.

the Satan of “matter-stick-to-it-iveness.”

May Thy war-songs of Spiritual Power drive away the forces of frailties which invade our hearts.

30

*Come to me as*            O Buddha\*, the gold vein of  
*Buddha.*                Thy sermon of mercy ran  
   through gloom-gorged, rocky  
   hearts, and illumined their darkness.

Thou loftiest soarer of renunciation's skies, beneath Thy God-lifted eyes the kingdom of sense-comfort, the rivers of gross greed, the vast and lust-scorched deserts of desire, the tall trees of temporal ambition, the cactus plants of prickly world-worries—all melt into invisible smallness.

Buddha, the arc-light of Thy sympathy sought to melt the hardness of cruel hearts. Once Thou didst save a lamb by offering Thyself in its stead.

Thy solemn thoughts still silently roam through the ether of minds, searching for ecstasy-tuned hearts.

Seated beneath the Banyan Bodhi Tree\*, Thou

\*See glossary.

didst make a solemn tryst with the Spirit:  
"Beneath the Banyan bough,  
On the Sacred Seat I take this vow:  
Let derma, bones, and fleeting flesh dissolve;  
And yet, till the mysteries of life I solve,  
And receive the all-coveted Priceless Lore,  
From this place I shall stir, never, nevermore."

Thou Symbol of Sympathy, Incarnation of Mercy, give us Thy determination, that we may seek Truth as doggedly as Thou didst. Bless us, that we may be awakened, like Thee, to seek remedy for the sorrow-throbs of others as we seek it for ourselves.

## † UNIVERSAL PRAYERS

31

*Prayer-demand*      Our Father, President of the  
*asking God to*      united states of planets, galax-  
*be the President*      ies, worlds, universes, Thy  
*of the United*      democratic rule of self-evolu-  
*States of the*      tion and free-choice, is bringing  
*World.*      Thy citizen-children nearer and  
                                  nearer unto Thy ideals.

Born in Thy states of freedom of will, Thou gavest us our celestial birthright of eternal, everlasting freedom. But, alas! we imprisoned and enslaved our Omnipresence behind the bars of sense-enjoyment, evil, selfishness, and hide-bound, narrow-eyed patriotism.

Teach us, Father, to melt with the warmth of our love and understanding, the fancy-frozen boundaries of family, society, and nationality.

Bless us, O all-wise Father, that we may live in the United States of the World, with Thee as our President, perennially elected by the free choice of all the good citizens of our hearts, ruling

†Yogoda prayer-demand.

ourselves through our own self-determining discrimination.

Teach us to enrich our souls, our opulence, and our understanding, by broadening the circle of our patriotic love, including in it all earth's good inhabitants, irrespective of caste, class, creed, or color.

O Cosmic President, bless us that we may obey Thy laws of life; and respect, with kindness, the freedom of all Thy free-born children-citizens: not only the good, and the error-intoxicated men, but also the mammals, birds, and beasts, frail flowers, mute grasses and jungle weeds, crushed low under the tread of our cruel, unheeding feet.

32

<i>Prayer-demand:</i>	Let me be Christian, Jew,
<i>Make me anything, a Christian or a Hindu</i>	Hindu*, Buddhist*, Moham-
<i>—anything to realize Thee.</i>	medan* or Persian: I care not
	what my religion, my race, my
	creed, or my color be, if only I
	can win my way to Thee! But
	let me be none of these, if it
	enmesh me in labyrinthine ways
	of religious formalities. Let me travel the royal

\*See glossary.

way of realization, which leads to Thee. I care not what by-paths of religion I follow, if at last I can travel by the One Highway of common realization which straightway leads to Thee.

Send the sunshine of Thy Wisdom to guide me in the daylight of my dawning powers; and the moon of Thy mercy, if I travel in the dark night of sorrow.

33

*Prayer-*  
*demand*  
*to travel on the*  
*one Highway of*  
*Common*  
*Realization.*

Our One Father, we are traveling by many true paths unto Thy one abode of Light. Show us the One Highway of common realization, where all by-paths of theological beliefs meet. Make us feel that the diverse religions are branches of Thy One Tree of Truth. Bless us, that we may enjoy the intuition-tested, ripe, luscious fruits of self-knowledge, hanging from all the branches of manifold scriptural teachings. In Thy One Temple of Silence, we are singing unto Thee a chorus of many-voiced religions. Teach us to chant in harmony, our love's many expressions unto

Thee, that our melody of souls may rouse Thee to  
break Thy vows of silence and lift us upon Thy  
lap of Universal Understanding and Immortality.

## MISCELLANEOUS DEMANDS

(In this group you will find demands for prosperity, efficiency, wisdom, dispelling of fear and anger, and many other conditions which occur in daily life.)

34

*Make me Thy Butterfly of Eternity.*      I burnt my past. I ignored the foreboding-seeds of sprouting destiny. I waded through the strewn ashes of past and future fears.

I am the Eternal Present. I tore to shreds the cocoon of ignorance with the sharpness of my will.

I am Thy flitting Butterfly of Eternity, sweeping through immeasurable time. The beauty of my nature-wings I spread everywhere, to entertain everything. Suns and star-dusts are daubed on my wings. Behold my beauty! Cut all the silken threads of thy shrouding folly: follow me in my flight to myself!



*I will not offer unto Thee brain-made, hothouse songs.* I will sing a song untouched by the voice of any. I will offer unto Thee my virgin song.

I will sing to Thee a song which lies singing in my heart, unheard by any. I nurtured my song-child, and I bring it out unto Thee for its training.

35

I will not offer unto Thee an intellectual, man-tortured and disciplined song; I will offer unto Thee the wild songs of my heart. I will not offer unto Thee civilized, emotion-born music or brain-made song-flowers; but I will offer unto Thee the wild blossoms which grow on the high tracts of my soul.

36

*Prayers on the Beads of Love.* I am saying my prayers on the beads of my love, strung with devotion. I hold to no names—God, Spirit, Brahma, Christ, Shankara, Krishna, Buddha or Mohammed, for they are all Thine. Sometimes I use all of these names, for I know Thou lovest to take many names.

In Thy cosmic plays on the stage of centuries, and in Thy myriad appearances, Thou hast taken unto Thyself many names, but I know Thou hast one real name—Perennial Joy.

I played with Thee many times: I sang Thy songs. On Thy Ocean-bosom of all life, Thou didst nurture me as a tiny drop of life. I remember Thy warm touches of centuries, whenever I returned home to Thee after the chill of separation. Again, in this day of time, I play with Thee and I sing Thy songs.

37

<i>Hover over the minaret of my expectations, Mighty Allah.</i>	Into the temple of peace, come Thou, O God of Bliss! Into the shrine of devotion, come Thou, O Bliss-God! Make the sanctuary of my goodness sacred by Thy Presence.
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...

O Mighty Allah\*, hover over Thy lone waiting minaret of my expectations. O Allah, the mosque of my mind exudes the frankincense of Stillness.

Come! we are waiting to hear the tread of Thy footsteps. The temple *Vihara*\* of my self-

\*See glossary.

development is waiting for Thy coming. Into the invisible church of my prayer, built of strong, white blocks of devotion, come Thou daily to receive the humble offering of my heart, renewed by love.

38

<i>The Bee of my mind loves to drink from the Blue Lotus of Thy Feet.</i>	O Divine Mother, in Thy Lotus Feet of blue light, the bee of my mind is engrossed. It is drinking the honey of Thy Motherly Love. This Royal Bee of Thine will drink no other honey but that which is graced by Thy Perfume.
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O Divine Mother, flying over all the gardens of my fancy, denying myself the honey of all pleasures, at last I found the ambrosia hidden in Thy Lotus-heart.

I have been Thy busy bee, soaring through the fields of incarnations, inhaling the breath of experiences; now I will roam no more, for Thy aroma has quenched the perfume-thirst of my soul.

39

*May I serve the cocktail of God-intoxicated eyes in the home of the rich.* In Thy temples, when many come to pray, I take God-intoxications from their eyes. I blend them together into a cocktail of devotion. I serve that to my thirsty thoughts: they drink and drink, and forget their fresh wounds and worries.

In the home of the materially rich and spiritually poor, I love to serve this magic cocktail in vessels of my heart's good-will and sincerity.

I pray, may they who drink this wine become so intoxicated that they forget the pain of ignorance forevermore.

40

*May I seize Thee at Eternity's end.* O Thou Thief of Hearts, the rays of joy spreading in the firmament of my inner-silence heralded the promise of Thy approach.

Many nights in twinkling garment, many dawns donning green veils of glittering, dewy pearls,

many twilights dancing in cadence with cow-bells,  
 many years decked with spring-blossoms, summer-  
 zephyrs, diamond-icicles, and the shining garment  
 of fluttering rains blushing with joyous expect-  
 ancy, waited for Thee in the bower of memory.

But the wolf of time stole upon Thy devotees,  
 and they are no more. I am left alone—all alone  
 —and love for fickle festivities has flown. Yet will  
 I travel with the ever-roaming hours in search of  
 Thy path. I mind not waiting even a thousand  
 millenniums, for I know I will seize Thee, O Thief  
 of Hearts, sometime, at eternity's end!

41

*Wake me, that I  
 may know the  
 terrors of mun-  
 dane delusion to  
 be but dreams.*

Wrapped in the blanket of  
 hope, I slept long. I dreamt I  
 was sitting on a throne. My  
 face held a bouquet of smiles.  
 My smiles withered, and the  
 petals of merriment dropped,  
 one by one. Then, suddenly, I beheld myself in  
 rags, sitting on the hard stones of poverty. I cried,  
 and my teardrops fell on the unheeding, unre-  
 lenting stones of my circumstance.

The world passed me by in mocking silence. I cried for Thy help. Thou didst wake me at last, through the force of my gathered cries. I laughed to find myself neither rich nor poor.

So do Thou wake me from this dream of smiling opulence and crying poverty.

Deliver me, O Maker of dream-worlds, from the ugly nightmares of death!

Wake in me immortality: wake in me unshaken calmness, that I may know that the fierce terrors of mundane delusion are but dreams.

42

*I demand to return home.*                      Impediments, beware! Flee my path! I am homeward bound. Through the corridors of Time, falling in the pitfalls of errors, lifted by Thy unseen hand, I walked. Discouraging darkness, barbed fences of habit, stone embankments of indolence, mountains of indifference, oceans of unfaithfulness, sirens of senses, may stand in my path to prevent my march to Thy Place; but a million kingdoms and sextillions of years of untrammelled worldly happiness, will not tempt me to forsake Thee.

O Mighty Ocean, the rivers of all human fulfillments meet in Thee. I pray that the rivers of my desires, meandering through many deserts of difficulties, may merge in Thee.

43

*Make me a lion*      A lion-cub of the Divine  
*of Thy all-*      Mother, I was somehow  
*conquering*      thrown into life in the sheep-  
*Wisdom.*      fold of human frailties. Living  
                          long with the sheep of fear,  
 failure, and disease, I bleated with weakness. I  
 forgot my roars which scared away wicked, pes-  
 tering sorrows.

O Lion of Realization, Thou didst drag me away from the sheep-fold unto the waters of meditation. And Thou didst say, "Open thine eyes and roar!" But I kept my eyes tightly closed and bleated with fear. The roar of Thy wisdom reverberated through me, and Thy hard shakings of spiritual urge made me open my eyes. Lo! there in the crystal pool of peace, Thou didst show me my face to be *like Thine!*

Now, I know I am the Lion of Cosmic Power. I will no more bleat in fear of weakness and suf-

“I have mercilessly broken thy cage of flesh-attachment, that thy soul-bird may be free. I have broken thy chains of disease and mental fears. Thy long imprisonment behind the bars of bones made thee unwillingly used to the cage. Thou didst want thy freedom always. Now, why art thou fear-filled, when thou hast won thy long-craved-for freedom?”

“O Bird of Paradise! hop into My plane of Omnipresence! Fold thy long-fluttering wings and restfully ride with me, anywhere, everywhere, in thy Ethereal Home!”

45

*Come into the  
garden of my  
dreams.*

In the garden of my dreams  
grew many dream-blossoms.  
The rarest flowers of my fancy  
all bloomed there. Unopened  
buds of earthly hopes audaciously spread their  
petals of fulfillment, warmed by the light of my  
dreams. In the dim glow, I spied the spectres of  
beloved, forgotten faces, sprites of dear, dead feel-  
ings, long buried beneath the soil of mind, which  
all rose in their shining robes. I beheld the resur-



fering: I will roar with the vibrant power of the Almighty! Bounding in the forest of experiences, I will seize the little creatures of vexing worries, the timid fears and wild hyenas of disbelief, and devour them ruthlessly.

O Lion of Immortality, roar through me, Thy all-conquering power of wisdom!

44

<p><i>I am Thy Bird of Paradise wishing to fly in Thy Astral airplane.</i></p>	<p>Thy astral airplane of earth-ly parting came to take my soul away. I wondered through what strange skies I was to soar, and to what lands I was to travel.</p>
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I asked the mystic Pilot of Cosmic Law as to whither I was going. The Silent One answered silently:

“I am the Pilot of Life—mistakenly called the terrible Death by ignorant earth-folk. I am thy brother, uplifter, redeemer, friend—unloader of thy gross burden of body-troubles. I come to fetch thee away from the land of thy broken dreams to the Highland of Light, where poisonous vapors of sorrows can never climb.

“I have mercilessly broken thy cage of flesh-attachment, that thy soul-bird may be free. I have broken thy chains of disease and mental fears. Thy long imprisonment behind the bars of bones made thee unwillingly used to the cage. Thou didst want thy freedom always. Now, why art thou fear-filled, when thou hast won thy long-craved-for freedom?

“O Bird of Paradise! hop into My plane of Omnipresence! Fold thy long-fluttering wings and restfully ride with me, anywhere, everywhere, in thy Ethereal Home!”

45

<i>Come into the garden of my dreams.</i>	In the garden of my dreams grew many dream-blossoms. The rarest flowers of my fancy all bloomed there. Unopened buds of earthly hopes audaciously spread their petals of fulfillment, warmed by the light of my dreams. In the dim glow, I spied the spectres of beloved, forgotten faces, sprites of dear, dead feelings, long buried beneath the soil of mind, which all rose in their shining robes. I beheld the resur-
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rection of all experiences, at the trumpet-call of my dream-angels.

O King of my dreams and of countless dream-worlds, in the garden of Thy dream-galaxies let me be a tiny star, or let me twinkle by Thy Side as Thy loved dream-star in the chamber of Thy Cosmic Dreams. Or, if I be not held by the string of Thy Love as a tiny star-bead of life in the garland of Thy Dreams, then give me the humblest place in the Heart of Thy Dreams.

In the chamber of Thy Heart, I shall behold the making of the noblest dreams of life. O Master-Weaver of Dreams, teach me to make a many-hued carpet of dreams, for all lovers of Thy pattern of dreams to walk over, as they travel to the Temple of Eternal Dreams. And I will join the worshipping angels of living visions that I may offer on Thy altar a bouquet of my new-born dreams of Thee.

46

*Let me feel that*      When the sparks of cosmic  
*Thou and I*            creation flew from Thy Bosom  
*are One.*                of Flame, I sang in the chorus  
                                   of singing lights which heralded  
 the coming of the worlds. I am a spark of Thy  
 Cosmic Fire. Thou Sun of Life, as Thou didst  
 peep into the mortal cups of mind, filled with  
 molten liquid of vital sparks, Thou wert caught  
 within the golden smallness of human feelings.

In each fragile, oscillating mirror of flesh, I see  
 the restless dance of Thy Omnipresent Power. In  
 the quivering lake of life, I behold Thy Almighty  
 Life.

Christ-like, teach me by the command of con-  
 centration to stop the storms of restless desires  
 raging over the limpid lake of my mind. In the  
 still lake of my soul, I love to behold Thy un-  
 ruffled Face of Stillness. Break the boundaries of  
 the little wave of my life, that I may spread all  
 over Thy Vastness.

Make me feel that my heart is throbbing in  
 Thy Breast, and that Thou art walking through  
 my feet, breathing through my breath, wielding

my arms of activity, and weaving thoughts in my brain. Thy sleeping sighs wake when my sighs cry. Through Thy playfulness, the bubbles of Thy visions of creation float in the chamber of my delusive sleep.

It is Thy meteoric Will which courses through the skies of my will. Make me feel that it is Thou Who hast become me. O, make me Thyself, that I may behold the little bubble of me, floating in Thee!

47

<i>Rock me in the cradle of all space.</i>	Rocked in the cradle of the blue-colored past, bright-colored present, and grey-colored, dim future. I, Thy child of Eternity, am restless.
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I strained the feet of my Power ineffectually, but at last I managed to jump from the cradle of duality's delusion. Thou didst catch me in Thy Infinite Arms and rock me in all space.

I am Thy Babe of Eternity, rocking in the cradle of Thy Omnipresent Bosom.

48

*May the  
Niagara of my  
joys inundate  
all hearts.*

May the Niagara Falls of the joys from my heart gush unceasingly over those whom I meet. May its flooding power sweep away the heavy logs of others' difficulties. Let all wash their melancholia with the moonbeams of my bliss.

I will be the tornado of laughter, marring the super-structures of sorrow, spread over miles and miles of mentalities. I will churn up and blow away, all the troubles of hearts.

In the lightning-flashes of my mirth, I will swiftly bring to view the panorama of Thy Beauty, hidden beneath the nocturnal darkness of unseeing minds.

Bless me, that by a single shaft of my light I will put to flight the standing gloom of ages, nurtured in the dark corner of human minds. Through Thy Grace, a little light of sudden Wisdom will dispel the gathered error of a million years.

49

*Make me the  
Lark of Life,  
looking only  
for Thy Rain.*

I am the Lark of Life, flitting in the skies of Thy Cosmic Presence, thirstily looking for the raindrops of Thy manifestations. Filter through the cruel clouds of silence Thy showering Omnipresence.

I will be attentive to every raindrop of Thy Perception, which shall touch my parched and craving lips. I will drink Thee within, and I will embrace the feet of Thy raindrops of realization, gently falling on my frail body without.

This age-long thirst of mine will only cease when Thy touch shall cool my craving soul within and my zeal-warmed body without. The storm of despondency and hopelessness has passed. Thy raindrops of peace have moistened each dry particle of my being, and I will flit everywhere, singing Thy song of contentment.

Make me Thy Lark, looking for no other water but the waters of Thy Solace, flowing through the heavens of Thy Being everywhere.

50

*Make me a  
Smile-  
millionaire.*

O Silent Laughter—smile  
Thou through my soul. Let  
my soul smile through my  
heart. And let my heart smile

through my eyes.

O Prince of Smiles! be enthroned beneath the canopy of my countenance, and I will protect Thy tender Self in the castle of my sincerity, that no rebel hypocrisy may lurk to destroy Thee.

Make Thou me a Smile-millionaire, that I may scatter Thy rich smiles in sad hearts freely, everywhere!

51

*Save us from the  
net of matter-  
attachment.*

The fisherman of change has  
cast a net of cosmic delusion  
over us. We are swimming in  
the waters of false assurances

of human safety, and all the while the net of death is closing in upon us. At every haul of the drag-net of delusion, most are caught—few escape. I dived into the deep-sea-spaces of silent communion, and fled the net of time.

O Measureless Mercy, save me and my brothers from this net of matter-attachment.



52

*O King of all  
our ambitions,  
open the doors  
of noble aspira-  
tions in the  
mansion of our  
souls.*

Open the petalled bars of our heart-buds, and let our imprisoned fragrance of love rush out to meet Thee. With the wind of Cosmic Perception, our fragrance will float to Thy Temple of Infinity.

O King of all our ambitions, throw open all Thy windows of red clouds, of charm-clad human dreams: open Thou, all the doors of noble aspirations in the mansions of our souls.

We want our fragrance to blow by Thy unseen Feet, hiding behind all Nature's windows.

53

*Save me from  
shipwreck in  
the ocean of  
my dreams.*

I was ship-wrecked on the ocean of my dreams: my happy vessel of comfort was fully shattered. I struggled and swam over those dreary waters of sad, blue dreams. A little raft of hope, sent by the winds of Thy Mercy, came floating by me! I grasped it—I held on! Little by little, I moved on,

and at last I touched the golden isle of Pleasant Silence. Nymphs of Thy blessings gathered there, to meet and take me to Thy Presence of Eternal Safety.

54

*Tune us that we  
may hear Thy  
voice.*      Volumes of Thy Savior  
Voice plunge through the mi-  
crophone of loving hearts. The  
Voice of Thy Wisdom is roam-  
ing through the ether of minds, searching for  
ecstasy-tuned-hearts.

Thy sermons of warning sadly pass, unheard by the souls deafened with the static of their sense-pleasures.

O Divine Broadcaster, tune our souls, smothered beneath the static of indifference; tune us with the fine touches of Thy perceptions, and thus grant us the privilege of hearing Thy Magic Song of ecstatic awakening!

55

*I want to build  
a rainbow-  
bridge of self-  
realization.*      The gulf of ages lay between  
Thee and me, and widened as  
the waters of my oblivion of  
Thee grew through the cen-  
turies.

I stand by this rocky shore of matter, looking for Thy smooth Shores of Peace, beyond. My inner architects are building for me a bridge of my constant remembrance of Thee. The girders of my strength of self-control are all being riveted together.

My dreams of Thee are gathering together to make a rainbow-bridge of self-realization, by which I will soon reach unto Thee.

56

*Make me silent,  
that I may  
eloquently con-  
verse with Thee.*      I wandered through forests  
of incessant searchings, and  
arrived at the mystery door of  
Thy Presence. On the doors of  
silence I knocked loudly with  
my persistent blows of faith, and the doors of

space opened. There, on the altar of glorious visions, I beheld Thee, resting.

I stood, with restless eyes, waiting for Thee to speak. I heard not Thy Creation-making-Voice. At last the spell of stillness stole upon me, and in whispers taught me the language of angels. With the lispng voice of new-born freedom, I tried to speak, and the lights of Thy temple assumed sudden brilliancy and wrote letters of light.

In my little chamber of quietness, I am always resting: I never speak but with the voice of my silence. Through my silence, eloquently converse with me.

57

<p><i>Teach me to use every dig of criticism to bring myself nearer to the fountain of goodness in me.</i></p>	<p>Teach me to wear every scar of trials as the medal of my chastisement, given by the sacred hands of Thy just Law. Let every tear-drop of sorrow, caused to flow in me, through the actions of others, wash away some hidden taint of mind.</p>
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Let every pickaxe of my sharp experiences

dig deeper and deeper in the soil of my life. Let every hurtful dig of circumstance into the soil of comfort, bring me nearer to the bubbling Fountain of Thy Solace, in me. Let every wound of life utter a cry for Thy Love. Let all trials be antidotes of bitterness, and bring healing to my soul. Let every ugly unkindness of others urge me to be more beautifully kind. Let the blinding darkness stimulate me to rush for Thy Light. Let harsh words scold me to use sweet words always. Let every bruise from the stones of evil thrown at me, intensify my fortitude and blessings of goodness.

Just as a jasmine vine fails not to shed its flowers on the hands administering axe-blows at its roots, so do Thou teach me not to deny the showering of blossoms of forgiveness and help over those who cut me with their wickedness.

58

*Teach me to fish  
for Thee in the  
deep waters of  
my soul.*

I went to catch Thee in the deep waters of Superconsciousness. Little fishes of inspiration nibbled at my bait of meditation. The float of my con-

centration wavered, but every time I pulled, I missed Thee.

I smeared my meditation-bait with love's spices: the little fishes tugged at it, and I watched the float of my mind with attentive zeal. Lo! my mind's float vanished beneath Thy Bliss-waves.

O Colossal Denizen of my consciousness, I pulled at Thee, and with a bound Thou didst leap on the shores of my heart. Teach me to fish for Thee in the deep waters of my soul.

59

<p><i>Make me remember that virtuous ways are more charm- ing than vicious ways.</i></p>	<p>Teach me, O Spirit, to discern all laws of virtue not with dread but with love. Teach me to remember that virtue may be difficult to follow at the start, but that when I obey its laws, it will adorn me finally with the laurel of Thy happiness. Teach me to remember that evil promises but little pleasure in the beginning and always brings great sorrow in the end.</p>
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Teach me to love virtuous laws, which exist

for my interest and my good, and to shun vicious actions which react against my interest. Implant in me that habit by which I may always perceive virtuous ways to be more charming than vicious ways.

Help me to remember that virtue, though bitter of taste in the beginning, eventually becomes nectar; and evil is that which tastes sweet in the beginning, but always acts as poison in the end.

60

*I shall broadcast  
my voice with  
the chorus of  
Thy Songs.*      With the soft touches of my soul-antenna, I tuned the radio of my inner-intuition. At first, I caught the voices of those near Thee—a symphony of soul-harmony, the sweet strains of my singing heart's orchestra of feelings, the chorus of my age-long cravings for Thee—all caught on the radio of my soul. I kept tuning my perception, waiting to catch Thy Voice, O Guardian Angel of all souls.

With infinite patience I kept tuning, and, as I almost slept, Thy Song gushed through my heart

—and I shall broadcast my life's voice with the chorus of Thy songs.

61

*Teach me to*                 In the summer days of my  
*store honey of*            life, teach me to gather the  
*quality from all*         honey from flowers of quality,  
*soul-flowers in*           which grow in the garden of  
*the honey-comb*         human souls.

*of my heart.*               In the honey-comb of my  
                                     heart, I will store perfumed  
 forgiveness, myrrh-scented devotion, the rare es-  
 sence of lotus-souls—fragrant honey of a million  
 soul-flowers. And when the snow-flakes of wintry  
 experiences and earthly separation dance around  
 me, I will hide in the honey-comb of my heart,  
 where I often found Thee stealing the honey of  
 my stored devotion.

Where Thou camest—in that spot made hal-  
 low by the dust of Thy feet—I will lie. In the  
 depth of Thy Footprints may I find my castle of  
 safety.



62

*Teach me to give sweet forgiveness, though crushed by criticism.*      Teach me to behave like the orange which, though crushed and bitten, fails not to impart its sweetness. Crushed by unkindness, bitten by carp-  
ing criticism, or hewed with hard words and cruel behavior, teach me yet to pour the unceasing sweetness of my love.

Teach me to be like the soap-flakes which, when beaten and rubbed, give out the cleansing foam. Tried and hard-beaten by ingratitude, teach me, nevertheless, to offer the snow-white mental-dirt-driving-foam of my wisdom's help.

63

*Spiritualize our thoughts and ambitions.*      O Infinite Alchemist—spir-  
itualize our weakness into strength, our wrong thoughts into right thoughts. Grow  
Thou a flower of Thy Understanding out of every seed of activity. With Thy magic wand of foresight, teach us, Thou, to transmute our ugly demons of selfish ambitions into fairies of all-serving, noble aspirations. Train Thou each stal-

lion of desire to race for Thy Abode. Transform our dark ignorance into golden wisdom. Transmute all base ores of disqualifications into liquid streams of spiritual gold, steadily rushing for Thy Shore.

64

*Teach us not to*      Through the night of errors,  
*follow the will-*      we pursued the will-o'-the-wisp  
*o'-the-wisp of*      of false happiness. Gloom heap-  
*false happiness.*      ed upon gloom, and our feet on  
                                  the path of progress slipped into  
 many ruts and marshes of disillusionment. These  
 deceiving fog-born-fires of passions lure many to  
 their doom. Thousands drown in the marshes of  
 sense-satiety.

O Divine Hand, blow out this false torch-light of destruction which misleads Thy blood-relations, headed for Thy Home. Burn Thy beacon of Holy Light instead, that Thy eager children-pilgrims may safely reach Thy Home.

65

*May the showers  
of Thy love  
flood through  
the walls of  
color, class, and  
race-prejudices.*

The kingdom of my mind lies clogged with the dirt of delusion; pour the showers of Thy Power into my city of spiritual carelessness; send Thy streams of Mercy to inundate the cruelty of ignorance within myself; let the downpours of Thy Love wash away the embankments of race, color, and class prejudices; bathe the untidy children of our thoughts with the waters of Thy Wisdom.

Strew and cover the dark path of life with carpets of Thy Love's roses. Inhaling Thy Fragrance, treading on the cushion of blossoms, we will hasten our footsteps to Thy Palace of Roses.

66

*Burn Thou my  
frailties in the  
furnace of trials.*

In the furnace of trials, the ore of my life is smelting. The fire of experience melts every thing in me. But O! Divine Artisan! burn away all the dross of weakness in me; bring out the steel of endurance, and harden me into the strength of calmness. Shape Thou sharp

weapons of self-control and tenacity out of the tempered metal of my balanced mentality. With the weapons of mind-equilibrium, teach me to fight my enemies of distraction.

67

*The caravan of my prayers is moving toward Thee.*      The caravan of my prayers is moving toward Thee. In the kind eyes of all men, I notice the sparks of Thy mercy. The trees of dark lives flicker with myriad glow-worms of Thy shining Life. The caravan of my prayers has been slowly working its way through the furious sand-storms of despondency. Yet, at last, the glimpse of the oasis of Thy Silent Assurance has roused my drooping efforts. I will dip my thirsty lips of faith, and drink deep from Thy Well of Bliss.

68

*Save us from the baits of modern comforts.*      We were swimming happily in the waters of peace. The baits of fame, friends, and name attracted us. Some nibbled at these baits and some fled at their sight. But alas,

some swallowed them—the hook of worldly lure and the sinker of sense-pleasure deception; and they were pulled out on the shores of satiety. They fluttered with sadness, choked with indifference, and finally panted and died without Thy Breath.

O Divine Teacher of Time, train us to not touch the baits of indulgent sense-experience.

69

<p><i>May I reap the greatest harvest in the short season of earthly life.</i></p>	<p>My allotted plot of consciousness was small. I let it lie barren, producing no crops of life-sustaining culture. And the bleak winter of dead opportunities is approaching with its shroud of unproductivity.</p>
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My lot is small and my season is short, yet I want a mighty harvest. So, forging through the kingdoms within, I conquered many states of new acquirements, and now the territory of my consciousness is large.

But, Father Divine, I have billions of my hungry thought-families and their little ones to feed. So Thou must know that I need a big harvest of Thy whispers in the short season of earth-life.

The waters of craving fell many times, and yet I kept my soil of culture untilled. Now, I am using the motor-plow of my incessant, scientific search for Thee.

May Thy Unseen Hand, O Divine Sower, throw the living seeds of Thy Thoughts into the cultivated furrows of my mind.

In the short season of earthly life, I want to reap the largest harvest of Thy Cosmic Contact.

70

<i>Make me the Eagle of Progress.</i>	I am the Eagle of Progress, soaring far above little lanes of narrowness and bigotry. Call me higher and higher, that I may fly above all clouds of earth-vibrations.
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With the sharp talons of my soul, I will tear all birds of miseries which prey upon man. I will keep the skies of human mind free from all hawks of ignorance which attack the dove of peace.

I want to fly with balanced wings of right-living, in the fine regions of Thy Perception. Above the tornadoes of worry-vibrations, I want to fly higher

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and higher, and climb to those unimagined heights,  
where Thou dost dwell.

Make me Thy tame Eagle of Progress.

71

*Flood me with Thy Omni-present Love.*      O Fountain of Love, make us feel that our hearts and our love for our dear ones, are all flooded by Thy Omnipresent Love.

O Great Source of the rivers of our desires, teach us to not run ourselves dry or lose ourselves in the sands of short-lived sense-satisfactions.

We demand from Thee, that the rivers of our cravings pass through all lowlands of humbleness, self-sacrifice, and consideration for others; and at last, reinforced by Thee, we demand, O Thou Fountain of Love, that they merge in the ocean of fulfillment in Thee.

Bless us, that the rivulets of all our sympathy, affection, and love, lose not themselves in the drought of dreary selfishness.

Let the little, lonely, separately-moving streamlets of our love, coming from Thee, at last merge in the vastness of Thy Presence.

72

*O Divine Sculptor, chisel my life.*      Every sound that I make, let it have the vibration of Thy Voice. Every thought that I think—let it be saturated with the consciousness of Thy Presence.

Let every feeling that I have, glow with Thy Love. Let every will that I will, be impregnated with Thy Divine Vitality. Let every thought, every expression, every ambition, be ornamented by Thee.

O Divine Sculptor, chisel Thou my life according to Thy Design!

73

*Keep the needle of my attention ever-pointing toward Thee.*      Whether soaring with the steel eagles of the air, whirling in steam-stallion-pulled chariots, rolling on rubber wheels, or roaming in the soul-breaking home of all noises, the needle of my attention, magnetized by Thee, will ever and ever turn Thee-ward.



Beaten by winds of chance, drenched in the rain of misery, wallowing in the mud of entangling activity, my life may wander in gloom-hidden tracks, yet my mind will ever be looking toward Thee.

My mind-raft, driven by storms of want, was drifting toward rocks of insatiable desire.

O North Star of our wisdom-skies, the twinkle of Thy Light called me back to Thy Eternal Shores of Contentment.

The dove of my love, whether winging through whirlwinds of destiny, coursing through bursting shells of impediments or flying across dense smoke-screens of colossal bewilderments, must ever be attracted toward Thee.

74

<p><i>Be Thou my General in my invasion of Ignorance.</i></p>	<p>I bled for Thy name, and for Thy name's sake, I will ever bleed. With gory limbs, broken body, slapped honor and wear- ing the thorn-crown of derisions —yet, like a mighty warrior, I will fight undis- mayed through the thickest skirmish of trials.</p>
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With the sword of peace, I will smite the soldiers of persecution. My armies of Thy Disciplined Love, blowing trumpets of Thy Name, are marching in triumph to seize the kingdom of dark souls.

I may have blows on my lifted hands, and persecution's wounds may be given me instead of love, but I am content to know that Thou knowest Thy soldier's craving to spread Thy Name. I will wear my tribulations, not as scars, but as roses of courage and inspiration, to fight ignorance and conquer its darkness with Thy Golden Message of Light.

O! Be Thou the General, in my invasion of the continents of ignorance!

75

*Make me see  
that I am just  
acting in Thy  
super-sense-  
vitaphone cos-  
mic pictures.*

Beholding the elusive sound-pictures, I am sure this daily-changing drama of turbulent and dancing lives, is nothing but a vast dream-vitaphone presentation.

World-tragedies, comedies, paradoxes of life, dreams of birth and death, news

of changing facts, are nothing but all-talking pictures—to keep all our senses and thoughts deluded and entertained.

O Divine Operator, through Thy Cosmic-Vibratory-Current, Thou art showing us a new, infinite series of all-talking and all-sensing cosmic motion-pictures, every day, just to keep us amused and entertained.

O Magic Operator, Thy Cosmic Pictures not only can we see and hear, but can touch and feel. Thy visible, true-to-touch, noisy, pseudo-living sound-shadows are daily shown on the screens of our consciousness.

Through Thy Grace, I was chosen to play both tragic and comic parts in Thy special super-talkies. It is well that I act my parts of sorrow or joy. But, Father, give me a few days of respite, now and then, from my task, that I may retire to the balcony of my introspection, among my thought-audiences, and behold, with a laughing heart—my own tragedies or comedies being enacted.

Teach me to look upon the tragedy-pictures of my own life with thrilling, interested attitude, so

that at the end of each terribly sad picture, I may exclaim: "Ah, that was a good picture, full of thrills and life. I am pleased to have seen it, for I have learned much from it."

76

*Teach me to  
abhor flies of  
sarcasm, which  
sit on the  
wounds of  
others.*

The Bee of Silence has made its way to the garden of my heart, where murmuring thought-trees hold out in tender branch-hands their fragrant bouquets—lilies of discrimination, buttercups of recipient prayers, chrysanthemums of soul-rays and violet-dreams of love's offerings unto Thee.

There in my heart's patch of many flowers, fanned by the sweet odors of my passion's breeze, where the dew of Thy Sweetness hides in the core of flowering qualities, my naughty mind-bee hovers, revelling riotously over Thy treasures of honey-sweetness.

O, teach me to abhor the flies of cruel sarcasms, which love to sit on the wounds of others, and thus swell their troubles.

Let me be Thy naughty bee, robbing the honeyed qualities from the heart-hives of Thy Omnipresence.

77

*Demand for seeing the One Fire beneath all soul flames.* O Eternal Fire, Thou art shooting little flames of souls through the pores of each human consciousness drilled in the plate of the great burner of Thy Universal-consciousness. Thou dost appear many, limited, small, divided, when Thou dost shoot through the pores of living organisms as souls. But Thou art the One, Eternal Flame, under the pores of all human minds.

78

*Demand for prosperity.* Thou art my Father, I am Thy child. Thou art the Spirit; I am made in Thy Image! Thou art the Father Who owns the universe. Good or naughty, I am Thy child, and, as such, have the right of possession over all things; but I have been truant and wandered away from Thy Home of Cosmic Plenty. Help me to learn, first, to iden-

tify my consciousness with Thy Universal-consciousness. Rescue my consciousness, shipwrecked on the tiny island of the body. Expand me, and make me feel that I am again Thy Image. And when, by Thy Grace, I shall find that, like Thee, I am everywhere, then I shall have dominion over all things, as hast Thou.

79

*Teach me to feel*      O, our One Father, teach me  
*that all men are*      to feel that all men are my  
*my brothers.*          brothers. Teach me to love all  
                                  brother-nations as much as the  
 nation in which I am temporarily placed by Thy  
 Grace. Teach me, above all, to love those who  
 love me not. Teach me to see in my erring brothers,  
 Thy Presence. Teach me to heal ignorance-  
 stricken brothers as eagerly as I yearn to be healed  
 myself.

O Mother Divine, teach me to rejoice not in the segregation or punishment of erring brothers, when it becomes unavoidably necessary to do so, to protect the weaker ones from their tyranny. Teach me to heal the misguided with Thy kindness, and my better example.

Teach me to feel, that even he who does me mortal injury is my brother, made in Thy Image—and is only temporarily in ignorance. Destroy in me the vengeful spirit, the “tit-for-tat” spirit. Teach me to heal my criminal brothers, instead of punishing them. Teach me to not increase their ignorance by my wrong ways and revengefulness. Teach me to better them by my forgiveness, self-control, determination, wisdom, better example, prayer, and by Thy Love.

80

*Demand to be  
freed from self-  
created evil  
habits and  
temptations.*

Teach me, O Spirit, to distinguish between the soul's lasting happiness and the temporary pleasures of the senses: touch, taste, smell, sight, and hearing. Strengthen my will-power; teach me to not be enslaved by bad habits; teach me to be guided by good habits, formed through good company and meditation; teach me, above all, to be guided by wisdom; teach me to stay away from evil, by right judgment and discrimination; teach me to willingly adopt the good, being

guided by my free choice, and not compelled by habits.

81

*Demand for balance.*                    O Spirit, teach me to pray and pray, with deep concentration. O Spirit, balance my meditation with devotion, and purify my devotion with all-surrendering love unto Thee.

82

*Demand for fervor in divine love.*                    O Spirit, teach me to love Thee as whole-heartedly as the miser loves money. Make me attached to Thee as the drunkard is addicted to wine. Teach me to cling to Thee as erring ones do to their bad habits. Teach me to be as attentive to Thee as a mother is to her child. Teach me to perform my duties diligently and with my attention riveted on Thee. Teach me to love Thee as the worldly man loves possessions. With the first love of true lovers, teach me to love Thee.



83

*Demand that  
the love of God  
may never fade,  
through tests  
and trials.*

O Spirit, I care not if all sufferings come to me or all things are taken from me; I pray only that my love for Thee may never fade through my own negligence. May my love for

Thee forever burn on the altar of my memory.

84

*Special universal daily  
demand for divine guidance,  
avoiding extremes of passivity  
and egotism.*

O Father, Mother, Friend, Beloved God, I will reason, I will will, I will act: but lead Thou my reason, will, and activity, to the right thing that I should do.

85

*Asking God to  
be the Captain  
of my boat of  
daily activity.*

O Divine Father, be Thou the Captain of the boat of my daily efforts and bring it to the shores of fulfillment.

86

*Asking God to  
be the Pole-star.*

O Heavenly Father, be Thou the Pole-star of my shipwrecked thoughts, and guide them to Bliss.

87

*Worship of  
God as sacred  
Joy and as the  
Joy found in  
meditation\*.*

O Father, *from Joy* I come;  
*for Joy* I live; in *Joy* dost Thou  
melt me! *Thou art Sacred Per-*  
*ennial Joy*; Thou art the *Joy* I  
seek; Thou art the lasting *Joy*  
of the soul. Teach me to wor-

ship Thee through the *Joy* born of meditation and  
doing good, and not through pleasures born of the  
misguided senses.

88

*Demand for the  
enjoyment of  
everything with  
the joy of God.*

O Spirit, teach me to enjoy  
Thee in spirit, that I may enjoy  
the world and my earthly du-  
ties with Thy Joy. O Spirit,  
help me to train my senses so

that they may enjoy all good things. Teach me to  
enjoy earthly pleasures with Thy Joy. Save me  
from negation.

89

*Demand for  
calmness in  
activity.*

Father, teach me to be calmly  
active and actively calm. Let  
me become the Prince of Peace,  
sitting on the throne of Poise,

directing the Kingdom of Activity.

\*See glossary.

90

*Demand to love*      O Heavenly Father, fill my  
*God as all Saints*    heart daily with the love and  
*love Him.*              prayer of a new saint who  
                                  found Thee in by-gone ages.

Fill my heart with the love of all Thy Saints who  
 loved and found Thee.

91

*Demand that*              O, Divine Friend, if the dark-  
*God's light drive*        ness of my ignorance be as old  
*dark ignorance*        as the world, still, make me  
*away.*                      realize that with the dawn of  
                                  Thy Light, the darkness will  
 vanish as though it had never been.

92

*Demand for*              O Heavenly Father, Thou art  
*healing of any*        in my affected bodily part. It  
*bodily disease.*        is well—for Thou art there. O  
                                  Heavenly Father, Thou art per-  
 fect. I am made in Thy Image. I am perfect.

93

*Demand for  
healing others.*

O Spirit, Thou art in me—I  
am well. O Spirit, Thou art in  
(Him/Her). (He/She) is well\*.

94

*Demand for  
freeing the mind  
from mental  
bacteria.*

O Father, Thou art in my  
mind—I am Thou. O Father,  
Thou art Strength: Thou art  
in me—I am Strength.

95

*Demand for  
wisdom.*

O Spirit, Thou art I—I am  
Thou. Thou art Wisdom—I am  
Wisdom. Thou art Bliss—I am  
Bliss.

96

*Demand for  
Bliss.*

O Heavenly Spirit, may Thy  
Fountain of Bliss burst through  
all my thoughts, will and feel-  
ings.

\*See glossary.

97

*Demand that  
my bubble of  
life become the  
Sea of Life.*

O Father, I am the wave of  
consciousness on the bosom of  
Thy Cosmic-consciousness. I  
am the bubble: make me the Sea.

98

*Demand that  
God respond  
to me.*

Thou, O Father, hast come  
into my temple to-day. With  
Thy approach, all the lights of  
my servant-senses awakened,  
and all the doors of my heart opened. Through  
Thy blessing, the darkness of ages is no more. It  
has vanished at the sight of Thy signal. The loud-  
beating drums of my craving, herald Thy Presence.  
The incense of devotion from the bowl of my soul  
is rising to Thy altar. Bless me! Respond to me!

99

*Demand that  
God reveal  
Himself to me.*

O Father, with the bursting  
language of my craving for  
Thee, I pray Thee to reveal  
Thyself. With my soul-grown  
prayers, I invoke Thee: Come! Appear unto me as  
Thou art!

100

*Demand to the  
Holy Trinity.*

O Heavenly Trinity—*Om-Tat-Sat\**—: God the Transcendental Father, God the Immanent Christ-consciousness, and God the Holy-Creative-Vibratory-Force! Grant me wisdom to know the Truth! And through my self-effort and knowledge of the Law, let me climb the precious Ladder of Realization—to stand at last on the shining Summit of Attainment—face to face with the *One Spirit Divine!*

101

*Demand that  
Cosmic Sound  
lead from  
ignorance to  
wisdom, from  
poverty to  
prosperity.*

O Cosmic Sound of Om, guide me, be with me, lead me from darkness to light, from ignorance to wisdom, from disease to health, from poverty to prosperity, from misery to Eternal Joy.

102

*Demand for  
The Light.*

I am here before Thee, O Father, throwing again and again the shafts of my prayer to pierce the bulwarks of Thy dark silence. Shell after shell of my yearning for Thee shall

\*See glossary.

break the ramparts of my ignorance and my delusion. I invoke Thee to cast about me the searchlight of true wisdom, that I may find Thee in the broken castle of my ignorance.

103

*Demand for \*  
the opening of  
the spiritual  
eye, to find  
God in every-  
thing.*

My eyes are enthralled, O Father, with the beauty of the flowers, the passing scenes of life, and the sailing, silent clouds. Open that eye in me which sees nothing but Thee. With that gaze—above, beneath, around, within, or without, may I behold Thee. Teach me to see in all things, nothing but Thee. Open in me, that eye which beholds in all beauty only Thy Reigning Beauty!

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\*This demand is to be repeated mentally with deep concentration, until the prayer-thought becomes fixed in the superconsciousness by faith and conviction.

104

*Let all rest in  
the shade of my  
peace.*

The breeze of Thy Love wafts through me, O Father, and the tree of my life gently trembles its leaves in response to Thy coming. The leaves of my soul are just awakening. Their rustling murmur, floating through the ether, calls the weary ones to rest in the shade of my peace, which comes from Thee.

105

*Demand for  
realizing the  
expansion of  
consciousness in  
the Cosmic-  
Vibratory-  
Sound*

Manifest Thyself to me, O Father, as the light of reason, as the blaze of wisdom, as the breeze of amity and harmony. Manifest Thyself, through the song of atoms and electrons, and the vibration of their music. Teach me to hear Thy Voice, Thy Cosmic Voice, which commanded all vibration to spring forth; which commanded each melody to sing its own song. I want to hear Thy Cosmic Voice, undrowned by creation's multitudinous songs. The magic wand of meditation touches all sounds, and melts them into the One Cosmic



Sound of AUM—coursing down the heavens,  
down the earth, down the sky, and down the stars.  
Appear to me as AUM, AUM, the Cosmic Song  
of all sounds. All tissues of my body, all cords of  
my nerves, now sing Thy Cosmic Song of AUM!

106

*Demand for  
an immediate  
need to be  
supplied.*

Father Divine, this is my  
prayer: I care not what I may  
permanently possess, but give to  
me *the power to acquire at will*,  
whatever I may daily need.

107

*Demand for the  
removal of the  
veil of illusion.*

Veils are around me,  
Father—they hide Thee from  
me. I love the gorgeous veils of  
daisies and roses, the clouds of  
burning gold. How long wilt Thou remain hid-  
den behind the dark, star-decked screen of night?  
I love Thy veils because they hint at Thy Presence,  
even though they hide Thee. Yet I want to see  
Thee as Thou art—without veils of daisies and  
roses.

108

*Demand for  
seeing God in  
everything.*

O Father, may I behold Thee:  
above, beneath, behind, around  
—wherever I turn my gaze!  
Train the children of my senses  
to wander not away from Thy Home. Turn my  
eyes within, to gaze upon Thy ever-changing  
Beauty; train my ears to listen to Thy unheard  
Song. I will catch the breath of Thy scented Pres-  
ence. Orient-wise, I shall worship Thee: placing  
on Thy altar the candles of my five senses. So shall  
I contact Thee—in the first pale shaft of dawn, in  
the bright light of noon, in the hidden glow of twi-  
light, in the silver moonlight—keeping alight be-  
fore Thee, always, the mystic taper of my love.

109

*Demand to be †  
kept awake and  
ready.*

O Father, if Thou wakest  
me, how can I ever sleep again?  
If sleep should steal over me,  
wilt Thou wake me again? The  
terrors of the dreamland of life are forgotten now.  
My sorrow, Thou hast changed into tears of joy.  
My joys are blazing into bliss. My body-temple is  
filled with light. The rays of Thy Light will keep  
†Yogoda prayer-demand.

the eyes of my wisdom from drooping. I thank Thee, my Father, for keeping me always awake and ready!

110

*Master Mariner,*      O Father, my little raft of  
*come and take*      meditation is floating toward  
*charge of my*      Thy Shore, buffeting the furious  
*boat.*                  storms of distraction. The sea  
of my mind is rough, yet I am heading toward Thy  
Shore. Master Mariner, come, take charge of my  
boat!

111

*Demand to find*      Teach me, O Father, to find  
*God at any time*      Thee within, that I may find  
*and anywhere.*      Thee without. Teach me to  
find Thee without, that I may  
find Thee within. Teach me to find Thee within  
and without: in the silence within, and the noises  
without. Noise or silence, I care not, if Thou wilt  
teach me to find Thee at any time and anywhere.

112

*Demand for union with the Almighty.*      O Father, behold me through the pores of the sky, through the twinkle of the stars. Watch me through the sun and moon.

Caress me through the breeze. Love me through my love. Throb in me through my heart. Breathe Thy Immortality through this mortal frame of mine. Speak through my voice. Help others through my hands. Use my mind to inspire others. Breathe through my breath. For through this broken viol Thou alone canst sing Thy complete, Eternal Song.

113

*I want to feel Thee just behind the voice of my prayer.*      O Father, Thou art just behind my vision, with which I see Thy Beauty without. Thou art just behind my listening power, with which I hear Thy Voice in creation. Thou art just behind my touch, with which I feel Thy World. In the sweetness of flowers, and in the zest of sustaining food, lies hidden the essence of Thy Being—Thy Eternal Sweetness. Thou art just behind the voice of my prayer. Thou

art just behind the mind, with which I pray. Thou art just behind my glistening feelings. Thou art just behind my thoughts. Thou art just behind behind my craving for Thee. Thou art just behind my meditations. Thou art just behind the veil of nature's splendors. Thou art just behind the screen of my love. *Reveal Thyself as Thou art*, behind these mystic screens.

114

*Demand for the realization of God's presence.* O Divine Father, Thou art just behind my prayer—but why dost Thou seem so far away? Thou dost tremble through my feelings, and Thy Presence pushes through the veil of my thoughts, yet Thou seemest so far away. Come, Father, take away the veil! Come, Father, come! Listen to the voice of my prayer. I want to know Thee. I want to talk to Thee. I want to hear Thee speak to me. I want to pray to Thee, and know that Thou dost hear my prayer. Show me the way that leads to Thee.

115

*Prayer between sleeping and waking.*      O Father, when I am on the borderland, between wakefulness and sleep, Thou dost come and play with me—Thy servant. I float in the ocean of Thy Love. I dance on the boisterous waves of emotion. I play hide and seek with Thee. Thy Greatness makes me, Thy servant, sit on Thy Throne.

116

*Prayer-demand for devotion.*      O Father, let me hold my heart in my folded hands. Teach me to saturate my prayers with Thy love. Give me the simple, sincere devotion of a child, toward Thee. Teach me to realize Thy nearness behind the voice of my prayer. Teach me to breathe Thy Breath in my own breathing. Teach me to feel Thee in my emotion. Teach me to know that Thy Wisdom is in my understanding. Teach me to feel Thy All-pervading Life in my life. Flood my senses with Thy Light.

117

*Prayer-demand*      O Spirit, beloved Father,  
*for illumination.*      Over-soul of the Universe,  
                                  Spirit of Spirits, Friend of  
 Friends, teach me the mystery of my existence!  
 Teach me to worship Thee in breathlessness, in  
 deathlessness. In the fire of devotion, burn my ig-  
 norance. In the stillness of my soul—come, Spirit,  
 come! Possess me and teach me to feel Thy Im-  
 mortal Presence in and around me. Come, Spirit,  
 come ! Come, Spirit, come!

118

*Prayer before*      O Father, my little prayers  
*meditation.*      are all aroused in reverence,  
                                  waiting for Thee. My little joys  
 are dancing in tune with the temple-bells of har-  
 mony. The muffled drum of my craving beats  
 deep for Thee. My passion, my ignorance, tremb-  
 lingly wait to be sacrificed before Thy altar. I shall  
 say my prayers with mystic beads, made of my  
 crystal tear-drops and polished with my love for  
 Thee. I shall cleanse the altar of my heart with my  
 repentance. Come! I pray for Thy Presence!

119

*Hidden in the  
ashes of burnt  
sadness, I found  
Thy Golden  
Presence.*

Father Divine, banish me not  
in silence. I stand lonely with  
out Thee. Let me not become  
imprisoned in my work, so as to  
forget Thee. I shall go within,  
to bring Thee without. Where

Thou hast placed me, Thou must come. Hidden in  
the ashes of my burnt sadness, I shall find Thy  
Golden Presence.

120

*Receive the  
orphans and the  
stricken, who  
have come to  
Thy door.*

The orphans and the stricken  
have heard of Thy healing  
power. They have come to  
Thy door. Wilt Thou turn  
them away empty-handed?

Those whose hearts are break-  
ing with sadness and despair: may Thy Invisible  
Hand dry their scalding tear-drops. Those who are  
lost in delusion: to whom shall they turn but to  
Thee? Lift Thy unseen veil of silence and appear  
in all Thy divine compassion. With the advent of  
the dawn of Thy Presence, their dark troubles will  
take wing.



121

*Come to me as  
kindness. The  
Divine Mother's  
mercy will  
take me away  
from the shores  
of sadness.*

*(Inspired by  
Ram Proshad's\*  
Song)*

Will that day dawn on me,  
O Divine Mother, when the ut-  
terance of Thy Name will cause  
a flood of tears which will  
inundate the drouth of my  
heart, and burst the dark gates  
of my ignorance? Then, in the  
lake of my gathered tears, will  
grow the lotus of luminous wis-  
dom and the darkness of my  
mind will be dispelled. O form-  
less, all-pervading Mother Divine, come to me in  
the form of tangible kindness, and take me away  
from the shores of sadness.

122

*Satisfy my  
soul-hunger.*

O All-pervading Spirit, the  
breeze of Thy inspiration has  
removed the clouds from my  
heart. The firmament of my mind is clear, and with  
a purified soul, I behold Thee alone—everywhere.  
The sunshine of Thy Joy rapidly spreads to the  
farthest reaches of my being. After my hunger of  
ages, I feed upon Thy Light. By Thy Grace and

\*See glossary.

by my constant wakefulness, may such joy be mine,  
forever and forever.

123

<i>O Divine Hart, I will hunt for Thee in the for- est of my Soul.</i>	<i>O Divine Hart, I ran for Thee, equipped with spears of selfish desires. Thou didst fly! I raced for Thee in the plane of loud-prayer. It crashed to the earth of my restlessness, and the noise fright- ened Thee away from me! Stealthily I crept upon Thee with the dart of my concentration. But my hand shook with unsteadiness, and Thou didst bound from me, and Thy Feet echoed—"Without devotion thou art a poor, poor marksman!" With firmness of devotion, as I held the dart of medita- tion, I heard Thy Divine Steps resound again—"I am beyond thy mental dart, I am beyond!" At last, in despair, I entered the cave of Celestial Love and, lo! Thou, the Divine Hart, camest will- ingly within.</i>
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124

*Make me the  
drops of  
sympathy in  
tearful eyes.*

May my spark commingle  
with Thy Great Spark and  
twinkle through all eyes. Bless  
me, that I may swim in the sea  
of souls. Make me slide with  
Thee on the avalanche of noble desires. Make me  
feel Thee in the budding hopes of rosy minds, and  
the silence of Saints. Make me the drops of sym-  
pathy in tearful eyes. Thou and I shall dance with  
the waves of feelings, and cheer all hearts with  
Thy divine delight. Thou and I shall be the throb  
of life in all souls.

125

*From peak to  
peak and heart  
to heart, I will  
fly, singing Thy  
name.*

Bless me, my Father, so that  
I may fly with Thee from peak  
to peak, or lie on the grass and  
sing Thy Song to the birds  
Bless me, that I may wade  
through human hearts to bring  
them the song of Thy Glory. Bless me, that I may  
whirl around the starry rim and blaze Thy Name.  
With the nebulae, I will spread Thy Holy Name.  
Bless me, that with the humming atoms I may  
time my song with Thine.

126

*Teach me to  
dream peace  
with the poppy-  
petals.*

Teach me to descend as rain-  
drops on thirsty soul-flowers,  
and shower Thy Nectar-Name.  
Teach me to dream with the  
poppy-petals, their golden  
dreams of Thy waking Light of Peace. O Divine  
Breath, blow with me as the little breath of men  
and the vast breath of all things living.

127

*Whether dead  
or living I am  
held in Thy  
Immortal Arms.*

Mother Divine, the brave  
may laugh, while passing amidst  
flying bullets, though death  
lurk in every one. But I laugh,  
because, whether I float on the  
surface of the present life, or sink beneath the  
waves of death, I rest on Thy protecting, Omni-  
present Eternal Life—I am held in Thy Immortal  
Arms.

128

*I beheld Thee  
hiding behind  
the flowers.*

I looked at a flower and  
prayed: and suddenly, O Fath-  
er, I beheld Thee, hiding there.  
The perfume of Thy Presence,  
it exhaled. The blush of Thy Wisdom shone in its

petals. The gold of Thy Wisdom shone in its heart. Thy all-embracing, upholding Power filled the delicate calyx. The mystery of life and Thy immortality, lay in the pollen—on the breast of the bee tasting Thy Sweetness. O teach me Thy wonders of creation, which even the tiniest roadside weed bears on its bosom!

129

*Thou art slowly  
rising on the  
horizon of my  
mind.*      O Father, I pray that my storm-tossed soul may find the silver lining of Thy Presence behind the clouds of my indifference, and the moon of Thy hope may gleam in my heart. Thou art slowly rising on the horizon of my mind; mists of ignorance are clearing with the coming of the moonbeams of Thy Love. O Father of Light, my shipwrecked soul rejoicingly beholds Thy Shores of Bliss.

130

*Demand to see  
the love of God  
in all human  
love.*      With the love of all human loves, I have come to love Thee, Thou God of all loves. Thou art the protecting father. Thou art the little child, lisping love

to his parents. Thou art the mother, showering infinite kindnesses. Thou dost flow in the all-surrendering love of the lover to the beloved. Thou art the love of friends. Purify me with the reverence of a servant to his master. Teach me to love Thee with all pure loves, for Thou art the Fountain of Love, heavenly and earthly. Bathe me in the spray of all loves.

131

*Open my inner*      Open my inner eye, O Fountain of Light, that I may behold  
*eye.*                      Thee in the dance of myriad-hued atoms. Burst open the doors of space, that I may see Thee behind the mists of the illusion of matter. Thou dost hide behind the walls of Thy brilliant Cosmic Rays. Open the Portals, that I may see Thee everywhere.

132

*Cure my jaundiced vision of duality.*      I have long been suffering from the jaundiced vision of duality. Everywhere, pale matter distorts Thy Living Presence. Wilt Thou heal my sight, that I may behold, with the eyes of wisdom, *Thy Presence only*, everywhere?

133

*Demand for quickening activity.*

Let the waves of Thy Power dance on the river of my activity. As Thou art intelligently busy in making atoms, flowers, universes: so teach me to be cheerfully busy always. Thou art ever busy and yet eternally smiling through joyous hearts. Bless me, that I may wear Thy unfading Smile, while working in the Factory of Life.

134

*Bless me, that I may perceive Thee through the windows of all activities.*

Bless me, that I may perceive Thee through the windows of all joyous activities. Mayest Thou look at me and cheer me always, while I am engaged in my duties. Let my every activity—walking, sleeping, dreaming—be sprayed with Thy Presence.

135

*Teach me to  
perform every  
work just to  
please Thee.*

Father, teach me to perform every work just to please Thee. Let me feel that Thou art the electricity of my life, which moves the machinery of my bones, nerves and muscles. In every heart-throb, every breath, every outburst of vital activity, teach me to feel Thy Power.



## PRAYERS OF DEVOTION

136

*I bring for  
Thee the myrrh  
of devotion.*      With folded hands, bowed  
head, and heart laden with the  
myrrh of reverence, I come to  
Thee. Thou art my parents; I  
am Thy child. Thou art the Master; I am ready  
to obey the silent command of Thy Voice. I con-  
jured the fragrant devotion of all hearts and mixed  
it with my tears: now I am ready to wash Thy  
Feet in silence. A river of my ardent crystal tears  
of craving will rush to meet Thee. Wilt Thou see  
that my boisterous flood of devotion is not lost in  
the desert of disappointment? Wilt Thou see that  
my mad flood of devotion follows the right course,  
which leads to Thee?

137

*Intoxicate me  
with the wine  
of Thy Love.*      Intoxicate me with devo-  
tion's wine: I will drink of  
Thee till death. My earthly de-  
sires will die, and I will live in  
Thee forever. A thrilling fountain-spray runs

throughout each cell of my body and through each opening of my love for Thee. Saturated with devotion, I shall enter the Heaven of Thy Presence. Blindly groping, the urge of my devotion suddenly flings open the Soul's secret door, and O, what bliss I feel at the sight of Thy Light!

138

*Open my soul's  
secret door.* I am crying in the wilderness  
of my loneliness. With eyes  
closed, I long have knocked at  
the doors of darkness, that they might open and  
reveal Thy Light. With the million thirsty crav-  
ings of my heart, I long for Thee. Wilt Thou  
come?

139

*I want to hear  
Thy song in the  
silence of my  
soul.* Thy gentle Voice saying—  
“Come home,” I often heard;  
but it was drowned in the  
noises of the wild cravings of  
many lives. I forsook the jost-  
ling crowds of desires. In the solitude of my mind,  
my devotion is bursting to hear Thy Voice. Take  
away the dreams of earthly sounds, which yet lurk

in my mind: I want to hear Thy quiet Voice, ever singing in the silence of my soul.

140

*Nothing can  
steal my love  
for Thee.*

No loud or whispered words of prayer, shall steal my love for Thee. With the soul's unspoken language I shall express my urge for Thee. Thy Voice is Silence, and through my silence, Thou must speak to me and tell me Thou didst love me always, but that I knew it not.

141

*I will be the  
naughty baby  
of the Divine  
Mother.*

In the hall of life, decorated with mountains, cataracts and wild sceneries, I have played long. When tired of play, each time I cried for Thee, Thou didst drop to me, through the window of my desire, new dolls of fame, friends, prosperity—to quiet me. Now, this time, Divine Mother, I shall play the naughty baby. I shall cry unceasingly. No more toys of earthly-pleasures shall stop my cries. O Divine Mother, Thou wouldst best come soon, or I shall wake all creation with my cries.

All Thy sleeping children will wake and join me in a chorus of wails. Forsake being so busy with the house-work of Thy Creation! I demand attention. I demand *THEE*, and not playthings!

142

*Make me clean*      Dressed with Thy lustre,  
*again, Divine*      clean and holy, Thou didst send  
*Mother.*              me to play. I played in dark-  
                                 ness, with ignorance, and lost  
 myself in the mire of suffering. I went out clean, but I came back to Thee all be-smirched with the mud of delusion. O Divine Mother, wash me with Thy Wisdom and make me clean again.

143

*I loved all*              I may lose everything and be  
*things, that I*            roaming in darkness, but O Di-  
*might learn to*        vine Mother, see that the tiny  
*crave Thee*              taper of my remembrance for  
*only.*                      Thee be not extinguished by  
                                 the gusts of disbelief. I loved  
 all things, but to find that I craved Thee only. Come! be with me always!

144

*Make me feel  
Thee through  
the touch of the  
breeze.*      Father, make me feel Thee,  
through the touch of the breeze  
and the sunshine upon my  
body. Enter into me through  
the fragrance of flowers. Make  
me ever feel Thee through my innermost thoughts.  
Forget me not, though I forget Thee. Remember  
me, though I remember Thee not. Be with me  
always, always, always!

145

*Make me win  
the battle of life.*      O King of Kings—train, Thou,  
in the camp of discipline, the no-  
bilities of self-control and calm-  
ness in me. Be Thou their Divine General, like  
Krishna of yore, against the invading hordes of  
darkness, passion and greed. Protect, Thou, the  
celestial kingdom of my mind against the entry of  
the tenacious evil warriors. Let Thy banner of  
peace forever wave over the living soil of my soul.

146

*Demand to eject  
enemies of bad  
habits.*      Fierce foes—obstinate un-  
hallowed habits of restlessness,  
—often entrench themselves  
in the territory of my heart. Let

me defeat my enemies, who are bent on robbing me of my wealth of peace. Lead Thou my battling power to the kingdom of fulfilment.

147

<i>Demand to</i>	I want to use my own will;
<i>be not enslaved</i>	but lead it, O Father, for use in
<i>by the ego or</i>	the Golden Paradise of all fulfilment.
<i>passivity.</i>	For I would be Infinity's happy child, knowing

Thou hast not limited me behind the prison-bars of fruitless desire and withered hope.

And I would break the shameful cords of lethargy, and step forth in fearless freedom, to blaze my way through forests of limitations and delusions.

O! my little, vain ego may strut in pride, saying: "Behold my glory! Worship *me!*" But I shall look beyond its shadowy form and see the unimaginable beauty of Another Form. And the silence-tuned ears of my soul shall ignore the tiny, boasting masquerader, impersonating Thee, —and listen in rapture to the wind-winged, fragrant music of Thine Own Matchless Voice, whispering across the ages: "I am He!"

148

*I offer Thee  
a garland of  
devotion.*

Let the flowers of my devo-  
tion blossom in the garden of  
my heart, with the dawn of  
Thy coming. Let me weave a  
garland of them, and place it at Thy feet!

149

*Demand to set  
fire to the forest  
of darkness.*

I built a fire of devotion in  
the dark forest of delusion, but  
the fire only smouldered. Then,  
Thou didst come and set fire to  
a few frailties. Thy fire quickly spread over the  
bushes of my prickly desires, over my tall vanities,  
and through the thick under-brush of my arro-  
gances. The whole forest of my darkness is blaz-  
ing, and Thy Light I behold, everywhere. I thank  
Thee, Father, for Thy help. Help me thus always  
—I want to create a path of light for all!

150

*Save me from  
wrong beliefs.*

I am lost, Father, in the  
waste-lands of wrong beliefs; I  
cannot find my home. Always I  
have kept the doors of my soul open, expecting

Thee, yet I have not found Thee. Rise on my darkness, and be the Pole-star of my groping mind. Lead me to Thyself, Who art my Home!

151

*Lead my body-  
chariot on the  
right path  
(Inspired by the  
Hindu Scrip-  
tures).*

Teach me, Thou, to conquer myself by myself. Bless me, that my discrimination may be the charioteer of the steeds of my five senses, holding properly, the reins of my mind. Let my soul, in the little chariot of the body, on the wheels of discipline, drive triumphantly over the speed-way of many earth-lives, until on the last lap of the last race, it shall find itself safe in the limitless Royal Chariot of the King of Kings!

152

*Teach me to be  
not deceived by  
the senses.*

O Divine Teacher, train me to recognize the difference between my soul's lasting happiness and the passing pleasures of the senses. Keep my eyes open, that the senses deceive me not by wearing stolen royal trappings



and the mirage-cloak of sacred happiness, and so disguised, enter the mansion of my life.

Discipline my unwise, wayward senses, that they may spiritualize their pleasures, and ever look beyond the illusion of glittering, visible form: to find Divine Pleasure hidden behind simplicity's white robe.

153

*Teach me, that  
my senses con-  
tact nothing but  
the good  
(Inspired by the  
Hindu  
scriptures).*

Bless me, that I may behold nothing but that which is good. Teach me, that I may touch nothing but purity. Train me, that I listen only to Thy Voice in all good speech and in the beauty of songs. Direct me to inhale only the breath of purity-exuding perfumes from the flowers of the Spirit. Invite me to indulge in wholesome tastes of soul-nourishing food. Teach me to touch that which reminds me of Thy touch.

154

*Keep me away  
from evil.*  
  
no evil.

Bless me, that I hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil, dream no evil, think no evil, and feel

155

*Demand for †*            Bless me, Father, that I may  
*the opening of*        behold the Eastern Star of Wis-  
*the spiritual eye,*      dom: may it gleam before my  
*the Eastern Star*      human eyes, alike, in daylight,  
*of Wisdom.*            and in gloom. My eyes were

long blinded by the tinsel-glitter  
of material things. Always seeing such things out-  
wardly, I saw not the Spirit within their bosom. I  
looked at the mustard-seed of matter but spied not  
the oil of spirit hidden within it. The third eye of  
my wisdom, now being opened, keep it, Thou, al-  
ways open. Let that *single eye* of realization lead  
me to behold through all the veils of matter, the  
Infinite Presence of Christ, everywhere. Bless me,  
that the sacred, wise thoughts in me, following this  
Star of Knowledge, meet the Christ in everything.

156

*Demand for the*        Infinite Spirit, Thy Presence  
*rising of the*            is equally hidden behind the  
*Aurora of*              warm rays of the sun and the  
*Intuition\*.*              cool moon-beams. These lights  
                                   which reveal only Dame Na-  
                                   ture's gorgeous robe of matter, and not Thee, are

\*See glossary.

†Yogoda prayer-demand.

but darkness to me. Thus, Thy all-revealing great Light hides behind the darkness of matter-revealing-lights. Take this darkness away! When I sit with eyes closed, surrounded by my own darkness, cause to blaze upon me in splendor the Aurora of Intuition, that in its light I may watch Thee with worshipping eyes.

157

<p>Keep my †  <i>Spiritual Eye</i>  <i>open forever.</i></p>	<p>O Spiritual Eye, once opened, always remain open before me, that I may avoid the pitfalls in the path of life and take the highway which leads to Thy Palace of Peace. Show me the solution of all my problems.</p>
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158

<p><i>With every stroke of my prayer, I am moving nearer to Thee.</i></p>	<p>Father, I am swimming in the sea of my craving for Thee, beaten by the winds of severe trials. As I float on the crests of pleasure and pain, or sink down into the depths of indifference, still am I looking for Thy Shoreless Shore. With every stroke of my powerful prayer I am moving</p>
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†Yogoda prayer-demand.

nearer to Thee. I shall never give up, for I know  
Thou knowest I am coming.

159

*Demand to be*            I started to enter the temple  
*fed with the*            of silence: I switched off the  
*Cosmic Rays.*            dazzling, diverting lights in the  
   bulbs of eyes, ears, taste, smell,  
touch; I told the blood-cleansing breath to make  
no noise. I told the heart that it should enslave my  
myriad cells with physical blood no more; for I  
heard Thy Footsteps, O Divine Mother, as Thou  
didst come, bearing with Thee a cup of life-  
sustaining Spiritual Rays.

Feed me with them, O Divine Mother, ever-  
more! The heart, the cells, the mind, the thoughts,  
will no more waste with decay, for they are im-  
mortalized with Thy Everlasting Life.

160

*Demand for the*            O Spirit, Father, save me  
*cure of the*                from attacks of the fever of  
*anger habit.*                wrath, which burn my brain,  
   shock my nerves, and poison my  
blood.

O Father, when I am angry, place before me my mirror of introspection, wherein I shall behold my face made horrid and ugly by my wrath. Father, I like not to be seen with a disfigured face, so let me not make my appearance before others with a wrath-wrecked countenance.

Father, teach me to dissolve this anger, which makes me and others so unhappy and miserable. Bless me, that I may never soil by selfish vexations the love of those whom I love and who love me.

Bless me, so that I shall not feed my anger by allowing myself to become still more angry. Teach me to cure anger-wounds by the salve of self-respect and the balsam of kindness. Command the lake of my kindness to remain ever undisturbed by the waves of misery-making anger-storms.

Make me know, O Father, that even my worst enemy is my brother and that Thou lovest him, even as Thou lovest me.

161

*Demand to be  
able to conquer  
fear.*

Infinite Spirit, teach me to comprehend the utter uselessness of being afraid. Help me to remember that death, if it

must come, does not come twice; and that when it does occur: through the mercifulness of nature, I shall not know of it or care. Thus, I should not tremble at the thought of death.

Teach me to not paralyze my nerves by the dread of any imagined accident, and thus invite it to happen in reality.

Bless me, that I do not by fear anaesthetize my unlimited power, as Thy child, to overcome the tests and trials of life. Make me know that whether I am awake or asleep, alert or dreaming, *Thy all-protecting Presence encircles me.*

Make me feel that, though I be in a strong, man-made castle and clad in armor, I am vulnerable to disease, earthquake, and accident—if I am without Thee; but though I walk where bullets fly or bacteria abound, I am protected behind the battlements of everlasting safety, if Thou art with me.

162

*Demand for control of the unruly senses.*      O Spirit, let not my insatiable sense-cravings be fed with wrong actions. Teach me to discipline them, that they may want only my true happiness. If my senses become unruly, teach me to govern them with the rod of non-co-operation with their desires, and to feed them only with wholesome activity.

As electricity can either illumine or destroy a building, human power can glorify or devastate a life. Let me, then, learn to wisely govern the finite forces Thou hast entrusted unto me, that each possession with two-fold potency may be used for only good.

Let the greedy flames of my many desires destroy even their own dross in the white heat of Thy Wisdom.

Let me, O Spirit, co-operate with Thy Will, harmoniously playing my little note, doing my little deed, singing my little song—until all of my unruly senses shall conform joyously to the harmony of Thy Plan.

Let sense-craving be transmuted into soul-craving. And O Spirit, let me feel the rod of Thy discipline—if ever I stray, sense-wise, from the Path of Thy Desire!

163

*Make me feel*            I am the sea-foam of happi-  
*everything is*            ness, spumed out of the sea of  
*joy.*                        joy. The ocean of my life  
 bounds with the billows of joy. And the endless  
 ripples of my laughter and eddies of life, after  
 spreading through all hearts, will retire to sleep  
 on the bosom of Infinite Joy.

I am a ripple of joy, seeking to dance with all  
 billows of joy. I am a ripple of joy, struggling to  
 be the ocean of joy.

Make me the lighthouse of joy, guiding storm-  
 tossed vessels of life to safety, to the shores of joy.

Let every vine of activity bear clusters of joy.  
 Let me drink the Divine Wine extracted from the  
 Vineyard of all life's little joys.

164

*Slip Thy dew*            Teach me to be like Thy  
*Drop in Thy Sea*        love-enchanted dew-drop, slid-  
 —not to make            ing over the lotus-leaf of seduc-  
*itself love itself,*        tive sense-lures, to Thy glisten-  
*but to make it*            ing Sea of Wisdom.  
*bigger.*                    .I am Thy immortal dew-

drop, playing o'er the leaf of  
 present-past-future.



I oiled the track of my mind with wise restraint, that the thirsty pores of temptation might not drink my strength.

I am Thy prodigal dew-drop, quivering on the hollow, trembling leaf of life and death, which floats in Thy shoreless sea. I am Thy truant dew-drop, at last homeward bound.

After this dance of rhythm, after the rising footsteps of birth, and the falling footsteps of the symphony of death, I will slide into Thy Sea.

I want not to lose myself—only Thy tiny dew-drop craves, by Thy contact, to be a larger dew-drop of Eternity.

I will be a rainbow-hued, omnipresent dew-drop, imbibed by all God-thirsty lips.

165

*The fire of my  
ambition and  
all my rainbow-  
dreams, are for  
Thee.*

The fire of ambition has been waxing strong, fed by the fuel of my rainbow-dreams. As often as old dreams faded, fresh die-hard hopes burst into new, thirsty flames, that swallowed

up many a sturdy tree of my fresh powers.

My garden was green with life. Now, gray ghosts of half-dead vitalities glide amidst dark doubts, to frighten my timid footsteps marching toward Thee.

Come Thou to my aid, Divine Friend, and usher me on the hard path of my life.

166

*We buy every-  
thing but Thee.*      O God, let me not whine  
*Pray give me*      with complaint and say: "Thou  
*Thyself.*      hast kept me yoked to the heavy  
                         demands of flesh-needs,—hun-  
                         ger, and earthly comforts."

I blame no business-man for being busy. Hast Thou not kept the bee busy? the rain, watering the life-yielding crops? and the dark-water-wagons of the skies, sprinkling life-liquid to thirsty greens?

The Master Potter of life molded earth's clay-ball, and is ever busy whirling it 'round its orbit, keeping it ray-strung to the sun and revolving in rhythm around it.

The Cosmic Potter forms the fragile vessels of flesh by the trillions, from His Wheel of Life. The amoeba, whippoor-will, and gigantic, fiery-eyed planets, growling in the forest of space—all are leashed to do some of His work.

Even the fickle fire of the sky has to help in the spraying of showers.

O Lord of all Life, Thou art the busiest of all Thy workers. Thou art ever alert, noting the fall of a sparrow, attending the slightest scratch of flesh, and coursing the way of meteors.

Thou art producing *everything* out of Thy unseen Creation-factory. Thou art the Maker and Displayer of Thy nature-products, and Thou art the Divine Salesman, selling to us health, mental electricity, and nuggets of wisdom.

And Thou dost make us pay for everything! We pay in effort for hygienic living and acquiring right food, to buy health. We pay to Thee coins of culture, to receive the current of power which lights our cozy mental cottage. And we pay nuggets of devotion, perchance, to hold Thee.

We can buy all other things by paying something for them; but I am sure Thou art not for sale when Thou art aware some would try to buy Thee.

O Priceless One, Thou canst not be bought, for there is no par value on Thee.

Thou dost freely give Thyself, when we know we are Thy children: heirs of Thy all-containing Kingdom and of Thyself.

167

*Teach us to  
consider no  
work more im-  
portant than  
Thy work.*

O Spirit, teach us to consider no work greater than Thy spiritual work, as no work is possible without the power borrowed from Thee.

Teach us to feel that no duty is more important than our duty to Thee, as no duty is possible without Thee; and teach us to love Thee best, as we cannot live or love anything, anybody, without Thy Life, Thy Love.

168

*Bury the pollen  
of my devotion  
in Thy heart-  
soil.*

In the dawn of awakening, I beheld the gathered dew-drops of repentance resting on Thy many-petalled Lotus-feet. In those dear dew-drops, my soul cleansed itself. The drought of despondency is

dispelled by the shower of Thy blessings.

The petals of past, present, and future,—of dawn, noon, and night,—all opened out, revealing the tenderness of Thy ever-expressing Life.

Bury Thou, unceasingly, the pollen of Thy blessings in the prayer-plowed soil of my heart, and let them grow into plants bearing many fruits of realization.

169

*I want to know that Thou wilt be mine.*      I care not if I have to shatter all desires, or jostle through a host of sextillion lives, or undergo the throes of birth or pangs of death, or of all pains—if I can but find Thee. And I mind not a mangled heap of my fleshly form, in my struggles to reach Thee.

In exchange for all my happiness, I want Thy happiness. All elusive joys I disown for Thee. Thy Joy alone is only mine, is only mine.

Tell me clearly Thou wilt surely be mine! Then, I can patiently wait a hundred thousand years, as if they were but a day.

Tell me—*wilt Thou be mine?*

170

*Teach me to  
drown in Thy  
Light and live  
(Inspired by a  
Hindu song).*

I come to Thee with the song of my smiles. Whatever treasures lie in the secret safe of my soul, I have brought eagerly to Thee. I have brought all the honey from the hive of my heart. Whatsoever is mine, that also is Thine.

The sun of my fickle hopes and happiness has burned me with dissatisfaction; and now my desires will forever quench their thirst, drinking of Thee.

The taper of my happiness will merge with Thy Blaze of Bliss. The aroma of Thy Scented Flame and its murmuring joyous waves come floating to me. In Thy enchanting Light I will swim forever. Teach me to drown in Thy Divine Light and *live*, rather than live in a mirage-paradise of earthliness and die.

171

*I want to pour  
the scent of  
gratefulness  
at Thy feet.*

The doomsday clouds of inevitable happenings thundered; the showers of quick-flickering joys and hard-beating trials, shot out to drench and drown

the soil of my courage; a million difficulties sprang forth with knives of destruction, ready to stab me.

When cannons of uncertainties are booming, and shells of suffering are falling fast around me, then must Thou make me feel I am protected in the impregnable trench of Thy Immortal Arms.

When the light of fortune dawns on the dark tree of hard struggles, it is easy for its answering flowers of gratitude to open out and welcome the Light of Thy Grace.

During the dark nights of misfortune, I want the flowers of my appreciation to exhale the scent of gratefulness on Thy Feet of Sacred Silence.

172

*My soul-sub-*                      The searching submarine of  
*marine is search-*              my soul fled from the dark  
*ing for Thee.*                      vapors of earthly ambitions and  
    dived into the unplumbed reg-  
ions of Cosmic-consciousness.

Swimming like a whale, the submarine of my mind moved in Thy deepest astral sea in search of Thee. The long-strained searchlight eyes of my soul-submarine suddenly wore the mystic flaming radiance of Thy blessings, and I beheld Thy Presence everywhere.

173

*Bless me, that I  
may know I am  
dreaming, while  
I think I am  
awake.*      As we rest, and wake a little, to slumber again—so from beneath the cover of fleeting dreams of birth and death, we rise for awhile and fall asleep again, and dream another earthly dream of struggle.

On the sledge of incarnations, we slide from dream to dream. Dreaming, on a chariot of astral fire, we roll from life to life. Dreaming, we pass through dreams, failures, victories. Dreaming, we sail over trying seas, eddies of laughter, whirlpools of indifference, waters of mighty events, deaths, births—dreams.

It was only in Thee that I awoke!

And then I knew that I was dreaming, while I thought I was awake.



174

I locked my sacred aspirations in the vault of my soul. My finiteness has slumbered, cradled in the arms of Thy Infinite Perception. The noisy pleasures have quieted down, at the sound of Thy softly-treading Feet of Peace.

I awoke and waited.

Whistling elations, soul-melodies, chant-buds, burst out to welcome Thy Majesty, O King Silence, approaching my peace-decked throne.

Darkness-hidden, diamond-chips of broken dreams, dimly glittered in the flash of Thy visit.

I removed my sacred aspirations and all the priceless bonds between Thee and me, which lay so long locked in the vault of my memory, and cashed them into Love's invaluable gold. With this, I would build Thee a secret, ever-enduring temple within my soul, wherein will rest Thy Throne of Peace.

175

*Dance in me*            Thou lovest, O Mother Di-  
*Thy dance of*        vine, to dance the dance of de-  
*Infinity.*                struction.

Thou dost shatter fragile mortal flames in Thy war-dance of destruction, to show, smilingly, that our souls remain unbroken.

With Thy mercy Thou dost scale the hardened, mud-incrusted cover of delusions coated over us.

Since Thou lovest the dance of devastation, Mother, I have cremated all my desires, frailties, weaknesses, and finiteness, forever and ever, and joined Thy dance of destruction of all evils.

O Mother, since now nothing more is left of my finiteness for Thee to destroy, dance in me Thy Dance of Infinity and of Love, instead.

176

*We are Thy*            The fascinating fire of false  
*burned children,*    red pleasures attracted Thy  
*wailing for Thy*    children to play with it.  
*help.*                Thy Silent Voice warned

them of the scorching, burning power of these fog-born, desecrating flames. But

eagerly they rushed, and tried to seize the flames of temporal exhilarations. Some plunged greedy hands into the devouring blaze, and their fingers of ambition became badly scorched. And then, their wounds of dissatisfaction and satiety brought wails in them for Thee and Thy help.

O Patient Physician, Thou art ever-near with Thy never-failing unguent of Forgiveness and Love. O, teach us to heed Thy warning Voice, that we may give to Thee our joyous song, instead of helpless wails as we writhe in unnecessary pain.

We are Thy heedless children, and the playthings of the world allure us. Teach us to play only with the divine flames of Thy Spirit.

177

*I want to merge in the vastness of Thy Presence.* O Fountain of Love, make us feel that our hearts are all flooded by Thy Omnipresent Love. O Great Source of the rivers of all our desires, teach us to not run ourselves dry, or lose ourselves in the sands of short-lived, sense-satisfactions.

We demand from Thee, that the rivers of our cravings pass through all lowlands of humbleness,

self-sacrifice, and consideration for others and at last, reinforced by Thy torrential Blessings, merge in the ocean of all fulfillment in Thee.

Bless us, that the rivulets of all our sympathy, affection and love, lose not themselves in the drought of dreary selfishness.

Let the little, lonely, separately moving streamlets of our love coming from Thee, at last merge in the ocean of all-fulfillment in Thee.

178

<i>Blow Thy music through my shattered reed.</i>	Thou Master Piper, blow Thy music through the broken reed of all religions, and bring forth Thy <i>one theme</i> of Truth.
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Dress that divine theme with many golden robes of the richness of Thy Spirit.

And O, Master Piper, gather together, from the highways and by ways of expression, all incomplete songs of hearts that seek a-tunement with Thee, and let them flow into the joy of completeness, through the Love-played Flute of Life!

For those familiar shrill-soft notes of Thine, I listened every day in this silence-tuned radio-mind of mine. I tried to tune in for Thee, from so far,

far away, and at first many noises of restlessness shot through, but, after a few, fine, careful touches of concentration, Thou didst fly on the wings of space—and suddenly I heard Thee singing a silent chorus of all earth's goodness and the nobility of all hearts.

179

*Heal my nerves  
and install in me  
a new set of  
telephonic  
nerves.*      My soul-cottage by the little  
brook of life smiled when Thou  
camest. O Mystic Electrician,  
the many-tinted bulbs of my  
senses refuse to scintillate Thy  
Light. The nerve-wires are shattered  
and torn by the winds of a busy life.  
O Thou, Who art the builder of nerves and the  
maker of the shining currents of life, resurrect the  
dead wires of wrecked nerves and breathe into  
them the unleashed current of Thy Power, that all  
the unlighted bulbs of my senses may suddenly  
shine with Thy Glory.

I am the bulb and Thou art the Holy Light  
gleaming within it. Thou art *the Bulb and the  
Light*. Make me realize this miracle.

Heal the shattered nerves and flood the disease-

clouded bulb of flesh with the divine effulgence of Thy Light.

180

*Make us transparent, that Thy Light may shine through.*

The sunbeams of Thy Love shine with equal ardor on all the members of Thy Cosmic Family—the prophet, the hero, the moth, and me. It is our own fault if we make ourselves opaque through our own discrepancies. Teach us to wipe away the mist of error from the mirror of our right understanding.

The arms of our spiritual resistance are weak. O Master Cleaner, switch Thy Power into our limbs, that we may cleanse away the dark vapors which settled on our transparency and dared to prevent the free entry of Thy Light. Make us unmarred, bright mirrors, reflecting Thee.

181

*Teach me to* I care not if the shell-fire of  
*conquer discord* trials whistle around me. And  
*by holding close* I take no notice of salvo-shots  
*my own* launched in my honor. I mind  
*harmony.* not if machine-guns of mischief  
 pour their shot at me; for when

Thou art with me I am safe behind ramparts of liquid fire; but without Thee, I am unsafe even in the most impregnable fort of modern science. I seek not to rouse the wrath of others and awaken their fiery-temper, but I thank Thee for Thy Rock-of-Refuge in the hidden recess of my soul.

Bless me that I may heal the shrapnel wounds of inharmony in the flesh of circumstances.

Teach me to dethrone darkness by Thy triumphal coronation, O King Light.

Bless me, that I may be the salve of smiles to melancholy souls; the soothing shower to arid minds; the sentry of light, chasing away the thief of gloom; the nectar of peace to sorrow-parched hearts; the glow of kindness to dispel black cruelty.

Teach me to conquer discord, by my octopus-

grip on my own harmony; by sincerity, teach me to conquer insincerity; bless me, that I may overcome the habit of idle criticism of others by censuring myself instead.

And teach me to give the nectar-opiate of Thy Peace to groaning minds, that they may rest in Thee.

182

<i>Baptize the bubbles of my blood and flesh in the flood of Thy Grace.</i>	The cloud-born rains, the mountain springs, the blood of parents, the milk of mother- breasts, baptized me in the feel of flesh.
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My imprisoned soul cried for freedom from behind the bars of fragile flesh and indulgent maternal care—behind the steel-fenced garden of sweet senses, no more I loved to abide.

Then the cloud of silence burst and Thy Mercy heavily rained upon me and formed a flood of Thy Grace. The rushing of Thy Spirit broke the boundaries of my soul, and I was baptized with Thy embankment-breaking, bounding Waters of Eternity.



The power of Thy flood of Cosmic-consciousness broke the enclosing fence of my senses, and the little bubbles of my flesh, blood and being melted and were baptized in Infinite Omnipresence.

183

*Demanding forgiveness.*                      Teach me to behold myself in others. As I love to forgive myself my own faults and correct myself silently: so do Thou teach me to forgive others, and quietly suggest that they correct their faults, if they wish it so.

Through the kindly strength of tolerance, instead of the weak brutality of force, let me lead all stumbling and stubborn ones unto Thee.

Teach me to see that Thy Light shines equally on good, diamond-bright souls and bad, coal-black beings. Guide Thou my understanding and powers, so that I may turn evil, dark-minds into sparkling seers—that they may fully reflect Thy impartial Wisdom-rays.

Thou didst wipe away the soot of indifference which covered my soul, and it shines with Thy

Light. I know now that I am Thy child. Likewise, enable me to wash all souls with love, and to behold even the darkest souls as Thy children—as my very own—as my sleeping brothers. Thy Light stays hidden even in the greatest gloom-shrouded soul and indefinitely waits to be revealed and appreciated through the power of self-effort-found-good-company. Likewise, soften me with such patience, that I shall ever wait and stand ready to help all Truth-forsaken souls when they wish to awake.

As even to the condemned murderer Thou dost give fresh chances to be better—in a new, unrecognizable body and in another environment on the tracts of a new incarnation, so teach us to shelter the world-forsaken wrong-doer in the haven of our forgiveness. O, Spirit, may our love's sunshine, received from Thee, dispel the chill in his error-frozen soul!

Eagerly waiting to reveal Thyself whenever the world wants to emerge from the sea of wrong-doings, Thy Silence before an error-steeped world proves Thy patience and ever-ready forgiveness. Teach us to deny not our sweetness of help to

those who bitterly try us with cruel wounds; but, without any self-expectation whatsoever, teach us to help others help themselves,—so that we may learn to still forgive, even though they should turn against us when we cease to be able to help them. Teach us to forgive others who offend us most, inwardly first, then outwardly. Bless us, that we may scatter the fragrance of forgiveness, and impart sweet speech for sour exclamations, love for hatred, kindness for anger, and good for injury. Awaken us, that we may feel that even the most night-black soul is only an error-dreaming immortal. With the divinity of our forgiveness, inspire us to awaken him to the consciousness of his celestial son-hood, potential purity, and immortality.

184

*Cutting through the cocoon of ignorance.*      You have long remained enclosed in the cocoon of wrong human-habits. Come out, before the silk-man, Death, comes to destroy you. Cut the delusive, comfort-making, silk-like, charming cords of habits, which hold you in their exquisite chamber of death.

Come out! Cease being a human worm of error,

sleeping and dreaming weakness. Come out of the cocoon of delusion! Grow and spread your wings of Eternal Power and Splendor, by spiritualizing your prayers and ambitions.

Come out! Become the Butterfly of Eternity! Decorate your wings of realization with nature's infinite charms, and spread them over all space to entertain everything, everywhere.

Fly through skies of Infinity on wings of beauty, attracting all beauty-lovers toward the Most-Beautiful. Sun-and-star-dust will glimmer on your wings, driving away gloom from the hearts you would soar past, winging your joyous way as the *Butterfly of Eternity*.

185

<p><i>I will hop from Eternity to Eternity.</i></p>	<p>My golden-gossamer astral body, shining with a spark of immortality, hopped from one blade of existence to another.</p>
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Thou hast clothed barren Eternity with grass-leaves of many-colored cycles. I will hop to them all, one by one, and I will jump gaily from one pleasure-blade to another, until I rest on the safe hand of Thy Assurance.

With the living threads of Thy Beauty my winsome wings were woven. I will escape from every audacious touch of blasphemous change trying to hold me, until I reach Thy Empire of Changelessness.

On slow camels of cosmic-evolution's lives, and across deserts of deaths, this gossamer body of life has passed from planet to planet, to find at last Thy velvet-soft Cushion of Revelation.

186

<i>I want to be</i>	With golden plumes of un-
<i>Thy cleansed</i>	foldment, with the softest
<i>Bird of Paradise.</i>	down of tenderness, and wear-
	ing a costume of grace, color,
	and beauty of form, I am Thy Soul-bird of
	Paradise.

My wings of insatiable desire for progress, beat their way through life's somber skies, continually seeking to approach the Paradise of Peace.

Despondency's darkness daubs the fragile feathers of my sunny mind.

O! Bathe Thy blackened Bird of Paradise with the cleansing sun-rays of Insight, and the soft-singing Waters of Peace.

187

*Bless Thy*                      Miles and miles of eternity I  
*Humming Bird*                traversed, humming Thy Name,  
*to drink of Thy*                seeking the garden of my  
*honey.*                                dreams.

I am Thy tiny Humming Bird; yet I keep the wings of my activity ever working, for I must travel far to find Thy rarest orchid blooms, reveling in color symphony on the very highest mountain crag of dreams.

I am the Humming Bird which hums Thy Name, and dips its long beak of feelings deep into the heart of golden, blue, marigold, many-hued flower-qualities. O! May Thy Grace save me from tasting the bitter honeys of evil.

I am Thy tiny Humming Bird, buzzing with Thy unceasing Power, drinking honey from love-drunk blossoms which grow in Thy hanging gardens of glory and in the humblest wayside plots of human sweetness.

188

*Many doors opened before me.*      Many doors opened of themselves before me because of Thy coming. O Lord, everything shone with life when Thou camest. The temple's marble floor, on which I stood, thrilled me because of Thee. Everywhere dumb-matter spoke, spirit-resurrected by Thy Touch. Everywhere throbbed the incense-breeze of stillness, bearing to me Thy Perfume of Bliss.

I behold Thy sanctuary, hidden beneath the broken rocks of silence.

On the altar-stone of sacredness plays Thy Fountain of Joy.

With uplifted palm-cups of craving, I catch and drink the vitalic waters of Thy Solace, and I know that I need thirst no more.

189

*Driving the Rebel-King, Ignorance.*      O Mighty, Mystic Judge of Life, I asked Thee in the chamber of soul-stillness: "What is sin?"

Thy dim Whispers of Silence grew into bright

articulations of thought, and I knew the meaning of Thy answer: *The rebel-king of sin is Ignorance*. It is the pioneer originator of all organized evil, the main root of the tree of ill-health, the primal cause of all inefficiencies and soul-blindness.

King *Ignorance*, and his army of physical bacteria of disease, mental bacteria of incapacities, greed, false ambition, and lack of God-concentration, have been marching to devastate the harvest-fields of nourishing Spirituality.

Thy harvest of many fulfillments was about to be reaped, when the cruel feet of error trampled it down. And, as I was about to weep in despair, I heard Thy Voice saying—"The sun of My protection shines equally on thy ruby-days and coal-black hours. So must thou have faith and smile, for the greatest of all sins against Spirit is *not to be happy*. Let the ripple of perpetual smiles play on thy face. Through the transparency of thy smiles, My Light will come to thy aid. By being happy, thou servest Me."



190

*Cure spiritual  
deafness and  
make me listen  
to the chorus of  
noble qualities.*

Can a blind man ever appreciate the beauty and glory of light? Can a deaf man appreciate the song of divine voices? O Father, how can one, blinded by the short-lasting pleasures of the senses, behold the health and beauty-rays which flow from the sun of self-control?

Father, how can the materially rich, but spiritually deaf, listen to the celestial, peace-giving chorus of noble qualities in the Soul of the Sacred?

Bless us, that we may behold in the light of good-habits, that virtue is more attractive and comforting than vice, and that we may hear Thy Guiding-Voice above all other sounds.

191

*Teach me to  
spend for others  
as I spend for  
myself.*

If, through Thy Grace, I hold more wealth than others, teach me to share the surplus with those who have nothing. For it is Thou who art playing poor in one body and acting rich in another. Thou

gavest the wealth to Thyself, while playing rich, to test whether Thou wouldst Thyself be broad enough to give Thy riches to Thyself, playing poor.

The fortunate one who cares not for the unfortunate, cannot feel Thy Omnipresence. Those blinded by selfish opulence have to be poor again, if they see not Thee in the abode of the poor. The unfeeling rich must be poor again and learn to part with comforts, that they may feel the pinch and pangs of others' wants.

Blessed are those who share Thy gifts, for they were given to them, that they might learn to give. But those who keep locked Thy useful gifts, mil-dewing with idleness, while some are wailing by the wayside for a crumb, die in the poverty of an unexpanded soul.

To die rich, without giving anything—is to die poor. And to pass the portals of death as poor, because of giving to others—is really to be rich.

Teach us to consider and feel for others, who have already lost wealth or health, more than we would for our own loss of prosperity or of bodily

strength. If we shiver even at the thought of poverty for ourselves, teach us to sympathize still more with those who are already under the wheels of want.

*Teach us to spend for others' necessities as happily and freely as we spend for our own real needs. Teach us not to love Thy gifts and forget Thee, the Giver of all Gifts.*

Those who think more of Thy gifts than of Thee, separate themselves from Thee.

Those who offer Thy gifts to others freely, even as Thou didst give to them, find themselves as one in the many selves of all.

192

*Teach me to †  
spend for God's  
work as I spend  
for myself.*

Give me holy health: but give my brothers more, that I may enjoy my greater health in the greater myself.

Give me power, but to my dear ones give it more abundantly, that I may wield the strength of all minds in my united mind.

Give me wisdom, that I may make my loved ones more wise, and that I may feel its rays spread-  
†Yogoda prayer-demand.

ing on the vast tract of merged brother-souls.

Teach me to behold through all eyes, work through all hands, and feel my heart-throbs in all. Teach me to feel, act, strive, earn, and especially to spend, for all—as I do for myself.

I want health, to be a model for others' health as well as for my own. I want to be efficient, to turn inefficiency away from earth's door. I want wisdom's freedom, that I may enjoy my liberty only in the universal freedom of all—in the spiritual emancipation of all!

193

<p><i>Teach me to † see Thy Omnipresent Spirit suffering in the sick.</i></p>	<p>Teach me to feel that, but for the right use of Thy Grace and Wisdom, I might have been lame, leprous or blind; and, no matter if I deserved to be lame or blind, I would earnestly crave to be healed.</p>
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So do Thou make me feel, whenever I see halt or sorrow-shattered men, that it is Thy Omnipresent Spirit suffering in those forms; and teach me to install in them the health and peace resting in my dwelling of flesh.

†Yogoda prayer-demand.

Teach me to sympathize with others' cries, wants, and sufferings, that I may fight to free them, even as I would to free myself.

Craving, struggling, weeping and smiling for all, may I at last find *myself* in all.

194

*In the whisper-sobs of my mind I heard Thy Magic Voice.* I pulled down the stubborn veils of material music. And, O Song Infinite, I heard Thy Voice. In the wail of the viols, in the humming of harps, and in the whisper-sobs of my mind, I heard Thy song. O Magic Song of my Soul, hidden beneath the strings of my heart, at last I beheld Thy soft, gentle dawning, spreading on the dark firmament of mind. Magic Voice, Thou hast made me forsake the slumber of ages, and here I come to offer all my songs unto Thee, upon Thy altar of Ever-solacing Song.

195

*I will be Thine always.* I may go far, farther than the farthest star, but I will be Thine always! Devotees may come, devotees may go, but I will be Thine always.

I may bound over the billows of many lives, forlorn beneath the skies of loneliness, but I will be Thine always.

The world may leave Thee, while playing with Thy playthings, but I will be Thine always. Thou mayest take everything away that Thou gavest me, but I will be Thine always.

Death, disease, and trials may riddle and rend me, and yet, while the embers of memory shall flicker, look into my dying eyes and they will mutely tell—"I will be Thine always."

My voice may become feeble, fail and forsake me, and yet, with the silent, bursting voice of my soul, I will whisper to Thee—"I am Thine always!"

196

<p><i>I baptize myself in the sacred waters of my tears of love for Thee.</i></p>	<p>Through long, winding ways of misgivings, crossing chimeric chasms of age-long separations; racing over endless tracts of lives, dogging the steps of many ambitions, following the trail of many desires, freeing myself from whirlpools of sadness and hilarity—at last I am at my journey's</p>
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end. I look upon my past travails with joy; every rock of past agony has now opened up a spring of joyous tears. In the sacred waters of those tears of love for Thee, I daily baptize myself.

197

*Mayest Thou*            The streamlets of our pray-  
*reinforce our*            ers, rushing out together from  
*blended prayers.*        our hearts, are joined in one  
     mighty flow. These wide and  
 deep-flooded rivers of our prayers are moving  
 swiftly in search of Thy Oceanic Presence. Our  
 flood is breaking through embankments of indif-  
 ference, intoxicating human-habits and world-de-  
 lusions. Our flood is rushing through sands of  
 human oblivion, and is bounding through vast  
 tracts of trials and life-experiences. Yet Thy  
 Shores seem far off, and our thirsty flood is im-  
 patiently, yet doggedly, seeking Thy shining vast-  
 ness.

Pour, Thou, the unceasing rain-drops of Thy  
 Mercy. Reinforce our flood of prayers, and race it  
 triumphantly to Thy ever-waiting Shores!

198

*Rock me to sleep on Thy Bosom of Peace.*      Thou hast come into my temple at last. The doors of my senses are open wide. The bird of darkness has taken wing. I am tuning the harp-strings of my heart to sing an old song newly—the song of my age-old love. I shall sing unto Thee a song newly-costumed with the fresh notes of my soul.

The waves of my song will dance on Thy Ocean of Cosmic Rhythm and float me on billows of devotion to Thy shores.

O lullaby of song-waves, sing to me the Song of my beloved Mother Eternity.

O fairy song of God's Love, rock me in your cradle of melody and bring me sleep on His Bosom of Peace.

199

*I perched in the many trees of lives and sang Thy songs.*      I, the Nightingale of Heaven, perched in the many trees of lives, and sang Thy songs.      My songs reverberated through the green-clogged veins



of soul-leaves fluttering with Thy life. I am the nightingale, which sang Thy songs through the Garden of Centuries, rousing sleeping souls unto Thee.

I travel, giving concerts of Thy songs in the bowers of hearts, and I will come again and again to lure everyone and all the stray song birds, to teach them Thy songs, and to fly with them to Thy skies of Cosmic Freedom.

200

*Endless throngs  
of Intoxications  
visit me.*            I attuned my life with Thine,  
and now my life is an unbroken  
inspiration. Thy Fountain of  
Bliss intoxicates me night and  
day in my wakeful states, dreams, or hours of deep  
sleep. O what has become of me? Intoxication on  
intoxication! Endless, indescribable throngs of di-  
vine intoxications ceaselessly come to me!

O my aged Nectar, Wine of Centuries, I found  
Thee at last, and I shall taste of Thy Sweetness,  
forever, forever, forever.

201

*Teach me to fish*      A long time ago I had a flash-  
*all goodness in*      light: I played with it. Tiptoe  
*the net of*              I would quickly work it, and it  
*searchlights.*          would shoot a searchlight  
                                  through the dark. In its gleam I  
 would behold, trapped, many, many little golden  
 creative-idea-minnows.

I baited them to catch bigger denizens of my consciousness. But it was dark, and the circumference of my pulling net of light was small, so many a good one slipped away.

Now, I carry a bundle of my nets of searchlights. I bought them from everyone with the precious coins of gold-spun dreams and silver songs. And with these countless drag-nets of woven light, all joined together, I will sweep Thy Wisdom's Ocean. Watch! I will haul all Thy spawn of unborn goodness, schools of bright minnow-feelings, golden deeds—and Thyself!

202

*I shall ne'er turn  
my gaze away  
from Thee.  
Make me see  
that Health and  
Sickness both  
are dreams.*

I take a sacred vow! Never will I throw my love's gaze below the horizon of my constant thought for Thee. Never will I take down the vision of my lifted eyes and place it on aught but Thee! Never will I turn my mind to do anything which reminds me not of Thee! I will abhor nightmares of ignorant acts. I will love dreams of noble achievements. I will love all dreams of goodness, for they are Thy dreams.

I may dream many dreams but I am ever awake thinking of Thee. In the sacred fire of constant remembrance burning on my soul's altar, I will ever behold Thy Face with my ever-watchful eyes of love.

Through Thy Grace, I know that health and sickness, life and death, are but dreams. When I finish my dream-story of good dreams, and awaken behind the world-painted screen of delusion, I shall behold Thee as the Only Reality.

203

*In the bursts of blue brine I will bound with Thee.* In the bursts of blue brine my spirit bounds in joy on the calm shores. Banished are the discouraging vapors of lowlands and the dry aloofness of proud hills. The salty fragrance dives into my blood-stream and overflows the reservoir of my strength. O! what vitalic volumes of life flow in me through the ocean breeze! O smooth shore by the blue, thou art the heaven of health next to Paradise. By the blue brine I shall drink health from Thee. As Thou didst knit the deep blue brine with the pale blue sky, so dost Thou weave the vastness of Thy Spirit with our pale faith trying to spread everywhere.

204

*Save us from religious bigotry.* Our One Father, we are traveling by many true paths unto Thy one abode of Light. Show us the One Highway of Common-realization, where meet all by-paths of theological beliefs. Make us feel that the diverse religions are branches of Thy One Tree of Truth. Bless us,

that we may enjoy the intuition-tested, ripe, luscious fruits of self-knowledge, hanging from all the branches of manifold scriptural teachings.

In Thy One Temple of Silence, we are singing unto Thee a chorus of many-voiced religions. Teach us to chant in harmony our love's many expressions unto Thee, that our melody of souls may rouse Thee to break Thy vow of silence and lift us on Thy lap of Universal Understanding and Immortality, that we may hear Thy Song's refrain in all our tender chants to Thee.

205

*Prayer-Demand to reach the One*

*Highway of Realization.*

the *One Highway of Realization* (in which all bypaths of the many religions meet), and *straight to Thee*.

O Beacon of Light and Flower of Fragrance, awaken our senses!

Even as the "Hound of Heaven," let us scent the right bypath which leads quickly to

the *One Highway of Realization* (in which all bypaths of the many religions meet), and *straight to Thee*.

O Thou Unfailing Beacon of Light, point Thy Finger of Illumination across the darkness of our ignorance—that we may find the *right way*, with-

†Yogoda prayer-demand.

out being sidetracked and without unnecessary delay.

No matter which bypath of formal worship we may follow, guide us at last to the *Highway of Common-intuition*, which leads to Thee.

Above narrow lanes of bigotry and unyielding walls of prejudices, let our souls travel safely in Thy Plane of Upliftment. And let us meet, at last, for universal worship, in Thy Temple-of-Free-Skies (that cannot be walled in by man-made, man-interpreted, man-prescribed beliefs and limitations), where we may chant to Thy Omnipresence all the sacred Hymns of our Hearts!

Teach us the scientific technique of salvation, and the spiritual technique of Realization, the Light-born Child of Mother-Science.

Even as in this age of physical flight, we may guide our steel-bird-planes safely through fog and night-darkness, by following the electric finger-of-light sent from tower to tower, in man-directed course from city to city, state to state, and country to country:

O! Thou Beacon of Light! send Thy Guiding

Ray of sweet-scented Brightness of Knowledge, across the darkness of our ignorance; so that we may safely and quickly find our spiritual way from landing-place to landing-place, incarnation to incarnation.

And O! Flower of Fragrance! Send Thy Breath of Love to cheer us always, as we climb the spheres of Realization, on our way to Thee: that we may dream of Thy Skiey Garden, and speed our souls' journey, in our unquenchable thirst for Thee!

PRAYER-DEMANDS FOR THE USE  
OF CHILDREN

206

*Thou art Love because my mother loves me.* Dear God, I know Thou art Love, because my mother and my father love me: Thou art my Father and my Mother. My friends love me, for Thou art in their hearts: Thou art my best Friend. Thou art my Teacher: even as Thou lovest me, teach me to love Thee.

207

*By loving all friends may I find Thy love.* Mother Divine, make me love all my little friends around me. By loving all my friends may I find Thy Love in all hearts. Teach me to love those who love me, and to pray even more for those who do not love me. I shall enjoy loving them for they are all my brothers.



208

*Teach me to  
give smiles to  
all.*

Father Divine, teach me to  
give smiles to all at all times.  
Teach me to not laugh at  
others. Teach me to not hurt  
others even by a smile. Bless me, that I may make  
others happy, just as I wish to be happy myself.

209

*Come to me as  
Peace in sleep  
and as Joy when  
I am awake.*

Dear Father, while I sleep,  
Thou dost come to me as Peace.  
When I awake, Thou dost  
come to me as as Joy. When I  
love my friends, Thou dost come  
to me as Love. When I run, Thou dost run with  
me. When I think, Thou dost think with me.  
When I will, Thou dost will with me. Teach me  
to think, play, behave, and will rightly, for Thou  
art near me. I love to be guided by Thee, for Thou  
art my greatest well-wisher.

210

*Thou art so  
plainly present  
everywhere, I  
bow to Thee.*

When I dance with the waves, dear Father, I am dancing with Thee. Every day I see Thee painting the sky with bright colors. I watch Thee clothe the bare soil with green grass. Thou art in the sunshine. Oh, Thou art so plainly present everywhere! I bow to Thee.

211

*My parents and  
friends love me,  
dear Father, be-  
cause Thou dost  
love me.*

My parents love me, dear Father, because Thou dost love me. My friends love me because Thou dost love me. I love my country because Thou dost love it. I bow to Thee.

212

*Thou art the  
cause of every-  
thing—I bow  
to Thee.*

Dear Father, the moonlight comes to release me from darkness. The sun comes to give me light. The seasons come to yield me food. Thou dost cause them to do this. I bow to Thee.

213

*I bow to Thee  
in the sunshine,  
breeze, dawn,  
and hearts of  
loving friends.*

Dear Father, when I am  
thirsty and drink the cool  
water, it is Thou Who dost  
give its life to me. When I  
bathe and am refreshed, I feel  
Thy cleansing, refreshing Power  
in the water made by Thee. When the sunshine  
falls upon my face, I feel Thy loving, warm touch.  
I bow to Thee in the sunshine, in the breeze, in the  
dawn, in the noon, in the evening-light, and in  
the hearts of loving friends.

214

*Teach me to  
find happiness  
in the joy of  
others.*

O Mother Divine, teach me  
to love others and to serve oth-  
ers. Teach me to be true to my  
word, even as I want others to  
be true to me. Teach me to  
love others as I wish them to love me. Teach me,  
O Father, to make others happy—to make others  
smile. Teach me, O Mother, to find my happiness  
in the joy of others.

215

*Teach me to feel*      Father, teach me to under-  
*Thee as Silence*      stand that which I hear. Help  
*when I close my*      me to practice in my daily life  
*eyes.*                      all the good which I learn.

Teach me to watch Thee work-  
ing in Nature. Teach me to feel Thee as Silence,  
when I close my eyes. I bow to Thee—Aum.  
Amen.

## CHANTS

*I am the  
bubble;  
make me  
the Sea  
(From a  
Bengali  
Song).*

*O God  
Beautiful  
(From a  
Saint's  
Song).*

*I am Om  
I am Om.*

*\*See glossary.*

So do Thou, my Lord,  
Thou and I, never part;  
Wave of the sea,  
Dissolve in the Sea!  
I am the bubble;  
Make me the Sea!

O God Beautiful! O God Beautiful!  
At Thy feet, O I do bow.  
In the forest Thou art green;  
In the mountain Thou art high;  
In the river Thou art restless;  
In the ocean Thou art grave.  
O God Beautiful! O God Beautiful!  
At Thy Feet, I do bow!  
To the serviceful Thou art service;  
To the lover Thou art love;  
To the sorrowful Thou art sym-  
pathy;  
To the Yogi\* Thou art bliss.

I am Om, I am Om\*,  
Om, Om, I am Om,

Omnipresent, I am Om,  
All-blessed, I am Om,  
Omniscient, I am Om!  
Om, Om, come to me,  
Come to me, O come to me;  
O my Guru\*, come to me,  
Come to me, O come to me;  
O my Jesus, come to me,  
Come to me, O come to me,  
Swami Shankara\*, come to me,  
Come to me, O come to me;  
O my Allah\*, come to me,  
Come to me, O come to me;  
O my Moses, come to me,  
Come to me, O come to me;  
O my Nanaka\*, come to me,  
Come to me, O come to me;  
O my Krishna, come to me,  
Come to me, O come to me;  
Om, Om, come to me,  
Come to me, O come to me;  
O my Father, come to me,  
Come to me, O come to me;  
I am Om, I am Om,  
Om, Om, Om! \*Om Tat Sat Om!

\*See glossary.

*The door of my heart is open for Thee.*    The door of my heart,  
 Open I keep for Thee:  
 Wilt Thou come, wilt Thou come?  
 If but for once, come to me!  
 O, come to me, come to me!

*Lotus-feet of Divine Mother.*    Engrossed is the bee of my mind  
 On the Blue-Lotus-Feet of my  
 Divine Mother.  
 Divine Mother, my Divine Mother,  
 Divine Mother, O my Divine  
 Mother!

*Swami Shankara-chant.*    Mind, nor intellect, nor ego, *chitt-  
 wa\**,  
 Sky nor earth nor metals, am I!  
 I am He, I am He, Blessed Spirit, I  
 am He.  
 No birth, no death, no caste have I!  
 Father, mother have I none—  
 I am He, I am He, Blessed Spirit, I  
 am He!

\*See glossary.

## MY INDIA

Not where the musk of happiness blows,  
Not in the land where darkness and fears never  
    tread,  
Not in the homes of perpetual smiles,  
Not in the Heaven or Land of Prosperity,  
Would I be born—  
If I have to put on a mortal garb again,—  
A thousand famines may prowl  
And tear my flesh,  
Yet would I love to be again  
In my Hindustan.  
A million thieves of disease  
May try to steal the fleeting health of flesh,  
Or the clouds of Fate  
May shower scalding drops of searing sorrow—  
Yet would I there  
In India love to re-appear!  
Is this, my love, a blind sentiment  
Which beholds not the pathways of reason?  
Ah, no! I love India—  
For I learned first to love God and all beautiful  
    things there.  
Some teach to seize the fickle dew-drop—Life—



Sliding down the lotus leaf of Time.  
Some build stubborn hopes  
Around the gilded, brittle body-bubble.  
But India taught me to love  
The soul of deathless beauty in the dewdrop or the  
    bubble,  
Not their fragile frames.  
Her sages taught me to find my Self  
Buried beneath the ash heaps  
Of incarnations and ignorance.  
Through many a land  
Of power, plenty and science,  
My soul, garbed as an Oriental  
Or an Occidental, traveled far and wide,  
Seeking Itself:  
At last in India to find Itself.  
If mortal fires blaze all her homes and golden paddy  
    fields,  
Yet to sleep on her ashes and dream immortality,  
O, India, I will be there!  
The guns of science and matter  
Have boomed on her shores,  
Yet she is unconquered.  
Her soul is free evermore!  
Her soldier-saints are away

To rout with Realization's Ray  
The bandits of Hate, Prejudice, Patriotic Selfish-  
ness,  
And burn the walls of Separation dark  
Which lie 'tween children of the One, One Father.  
The Western brothers by matter's might have con-  
quered my land;  
Blow, blow aloud, her conch-shells all!  
India now invades with love, to conquer their  
souls.  
Better than Heaven or Arcadia,  
I love Thee, O my India,  
And Thy love I shall give  
To every brother-nation that lives.  
God made the earth, and man made his confining  
countries,  
And their fancy-frozen boundaries.  
But with the New-Found-Love I behold—  
*The borderland of my India expanding into the  
world.*  
Hail, mother of religions, lotus, scenic beauty and  
Sages!

Thy wide doors are open,  
Welcoming God's true sons through all the ages,  
Where Ganges, woods, Himalayan caves and men  
dream God.

I am hallowed; my body touched that sod!

## TWO BLACK EYES

When my brother  
Or my teacher  
Stormed me,  
In the haven of my mother's two black eyes  
I found my retreat.  
She died—  
And I cried—  
And I sought those lost two eyes everywhere.  
I searched in the stars  
Until bedimmed by my tears,  
They twinkled black eyes everywhere.  
But they were not those which I lost!  
There were many black eyes  
That sought to mother me,  
But they were not those that I loved!  
Looking, searching for her everywhere,  
I found my Divine Mother;  
And in Her Love  
I found my mother's love,  
And in Her Omnipresent Eyes  
I found those lost two black eyes.

## I AM HERE

*(From Songs of the Soul)*

Alone I roamed by the ocean's shore,  
And watched:—

The wrestling waves in brawling roar—  
Alive with Thine own restless Life—  
Thy angry mood in ripply quiver,—  
Until Thy wrathful vastness made me shiver  
And turn away from Nature's heated strife.  
And then:

A kindly, spreading, sentinel tree  
Waved friendly arms to comfort me—  
To comfort me with gentler look sublime,  
Its swaying leaves in tender lullaby-rhyme,  
Singing a Message that I knew was Thine.  
Above—

I saw the gaugeless, mystic sky;  
And, childlike, in the valley dim I sought to pry  
At Thee, and to play with Thee.  
But in vain I sought Thy Body, hiding there,  
Cloud-robbed, foam-sprayed, leaf-garlanded,—  
Too rare for mortal eyes to see, or ears to hear.  
And yet,

I knew that Thou wert always near,  
As if to play at hide-and-seek with me,  
Receding when I almost touched Thee,  
Groping to find Thee through the maddening fold  
Of ignorant darkness—old as time is old.  
At last,

I ceased my search in dim despair,  
My search for Thee! O Thou Royal Sly Eluder!  
. . . everywhere,  
Yet seeming nowhere . . . lost in unplumbed  
space,  
Where none may clasp Thee or behold Thy Face!  
In haste,

I ceased my fruitless search and *hied away*  
from Thee!  
Still, still no answer from the wrathful sea,  
And only whispers from the friendly tree;  
Just silence from the limitless blue sky,—  
Silence from valley low and mountain high!  
Like a hurt child, *within the depths of me*  
I hid and sulked—no longer seeking Thee.  
When, lo!

Unheralded, some Unseen Hand  
Suddenly snatched away the all-black band  
That had so blinded me with fold on fold.

No longer weary, filled with strength untold,  
I stood, and watched again:  
A laughing sea, instead of wrathful roars,  
A gay, glad world, with mystically opened doors.  
With only mists of dreams between,  
SOMEONE beside me stood unseen—  
And whispered to me, cool and clear:  
    "Hello, playmate! I am here!"

## SAMADHI\*

Vanished are the veils of light and shade,  
 Lifted the vapours of sorrow,  
 Sailed away the dawn of fleeting joy;  
 Gone the mirage of the senses,  
 Love, hate, health, disease, life and death,  
 Away are these false shadows on the screen of  
     duality.  
 Waves of laughter, scyllas of sarcasm, whirlpools  
     of melancholy,  
 Melting in the vast sea of Bliss.  
 Bestilled is the storm of Maya  
 By the magic wand of Intuition deep.  
 The universe, a forgotten dream,  
 Lurks subconsciously,  
 Ready to invade my newly-wakened memory di-  
     vine.  
 I exist without the Cosmic Shadow,

\*Samadhi means Oneness of human consciousness with Cosmic Consciousness. The human consciousness is subjected to relativity and dual experiences. In meditation, there are: the meditator, the act of meditation, and God (as the object of meditation). Samadhi is the final result of deep, continuous, right, meditation, in which the above-mentioned three factors of meditation become one. Just as the wave melts in the sea, so the human soul becomes the Spirit.



But it could not live bereft of Me—  
As the sea exists without the waves,  
But they breathe not without the sea.  
Dreams, wakings, states of deep *Turia* sleep,  
Present, past, future, no more for me,  
But the ever-present, all-flowing I, I, everywhere.  
Consciously enjoyable,  
Beyond the imagination of all expectancy,  
Is this, my samadhi state.  
Planets, stars, stardust, earth,  
Volcanic bursts of doomsday cataclysms,  
Creation's moulding furnace,  
Glaciers of silent x-rays,  
Burning floods of electrons,  
Thoughts of all men, past, present, future,  
Every blade of grass, myself, and all,  
Each particle of creation's dust,  
Anger, greed, good, bad, salvation, lust,

I swallowed up—transmuted them  
 Into one vast ocean of blood  
 Of my own One Being!  
 Smouldering joy, oft-puffed by unceasing medita-  
 tion  
 Which blinded my tearful eyes—  
 Burst into eternal flames of Bliss  
 And consumed my tears, my peace, my frame and  
 everything.

Thou art I, I am Thou,  
Knowing, Knower, Known, as One!

One tranquilled, unbroken thrill of eternal, living,  
 Ever-new Peace!  
 Not an unconscious state,  
 Or mental chloroform  
 Without wilful return . . .  
 Samadhi is but an extension of my realm of con-  
 sciousness,  
 Beyond the limits of my mortal frame,  
 To the boundaries of Eternity—  
 From whence I, the Cosmic Sea,  
 Watch the little ego floating in Me.  
 Every sparrow, each grain of sand, falls not with-  
 out My sight.  
 All space floats like an iceberg in My mental sea.

I am the Colossal Container of all things made!  
By deeper, longer, continuous, thirsty, guru-given  
meditation,  
This celestial samadhi is attained.  
All the mobile murmurs of atoms are heard;  
The dark earth, the mountains and seas are melt-  
en liquid!  
The flowing sea changes into vapours of nebulae!  
OM blew o'er the vapours and they opened their  
veils  
Revealing a sea of shining electrons,  
Till, at the last sound of the Cosmic Drum,  
Grosser light vanished in Eternal Rays  
Of All-pervading-Cosmic-Joy.  
From Joy we come—  
For Joy we live—  
In the Sacred Joy we melt.  
I, the ocean of mind, drink all creation's waves.  
The four veils of solid, liquid, vapour, light—  
Lifted aright.  
Myself, in everything  
Entered the Great Myself.  
Gone forever, the fitful, flickering  
Shadows of a mortal memory.  
Spotless is my mental sky,

Below, ahead and high above.  
Eternity and I—one united Ray—  
I, a tiny bubble of laughter,  
Have become the Sea of Mirth Itself.

Through Oneness in *Samadhi*, the dualities of human experience disappear. Everything is perceived to change into Spirit. In this state, the man in *Samadhi* can perceive the Spiritual Ocean, with its waves of creation; or see the same Spiritual Ocean, transcendently calm, exist without the waves of creation.

In the first state of *Samadhi*, the yogi (one who unites his soul with Spirit by right meditation) is so absorbed in Spirit that he is oblivious of the material and created universe. A somewhat similar experience on a lower plane is experienced when one is so absorbed in books or thoughts that he is unaware of what is happening around him. This state is not unconscious, for unconsciousness implies lack of awareness, both inwardly and outwardly. Such unconsciousness is easily brought about by the use of drugs, anaesthetics and other outward means. The full spiritual consciousness of *samadhi*, however, can be attained only through

the regular, continuous, right, discipline of meditation, and has nothing in common with unconsciousness.

The first state of *samadhi*, in which the yogi finds everything withdrawn and absorbed into Spirit, is called *swabikalpa samadhi*. The higher and greater state of *samadhi* is *Nirbikalpa*, in which the yogi, after realizing the Spirit alone, without creation, perceives it also, simultaneously, as both above creation, and as manifested in all creation. Here his consciousness becomes the Cosmic-consciousness. The domain of his consciousness now extends from his body, to include the whole universe. He becomes the Ocean of Spirit, and watches the bubble of his body floating in it. His consciousness perceives all motion and change of life, from the circling of the stars to the fall of a sparrow and the whirling of the smallest electron.

The yogi who has entered into these two states of *samadhi* finds that solids melt into liquids, liquids into gaseous states, these into energy, and energy into Cosmic-consciousness. He lifts the four veils of solids, liquids, gases and energy, and finds the Spirit, face to face. He sees the objective universe and subjective universe meet in Spirit.

His expanded material self mixes with the greater spiritual self and knows their unity. The spiritual self, being the first cause, and capable of existing without material manifestation, is therefore greater than the material self.

Thus, the negative conception of God is done away with. The yogi, instead of finding cessation of life and joy, becomes the fountain-head of eternal bliss and life. The tiny bubble of laughter becomes the sea of mirth itself. By knowing God one does not *lose* anything, but *gains everything*.

## OM\*

Whence, whence this soundless roar doth come,  
When drowseth matter's dreary drum?  
On Shores of Bliss, Om, booming, breaks!  
All earth, all heaven, all body shakes!  
Cords bound to flesh are broken all,  
Vibrations burst, meteors fall!  
The hustling heart, the boasting breath,  
No more shall cause the Yogi's death;  
All Nature lies in darkness soft,  
Dimness of starlight seen aloft;  
Subconscious dreams have gone to bed . . .  
'Tis then that one doth hear Om's tread;  
The bumble-bee now hums along—  
Hark! Baby Om doth sing His song!  
From Krishna's flute the call is sweet:  
'Tis time the Wat'ry God to meet!  
Now, the God of Fire is singing!  
Om! Om! Om! His harp is ringing!  
God of Prana now is sounding—  
Wondrous, breathing-bells resounding!  
O! Upward climb the Living Tree;  
Hark to the Cosmic Symphony.  
From Om, the soundless roar! From Om

\*See glossary.

The call for light o'er dark to roam.  
From Om the music of the spheres!  
From Om the mist of Nature's tears!  
All things of earth and heav'n declare,  
OM! OM! Resounding everywhere!



## GOD! GOD! GOD!

From the depths of slumber,  
As I ascend the spiral stairways of wakefulness,  
I will whisper:

God! God! God!

Thou art the food, and when I break my fast  
Of nightly separation from Thee,  
I will taste Thee, and mentally say:

God! God! God!

No matter where I go, the spotlight of my mind  
Will ever keep turning on Thee;  
And in the battle din of activity, my silent war-  
cry will be:

God! God! God!

When boisterous storms of trials shriek,  
And when worries howl at me,  
I will drown their noises by loudly chanting:

God! God! God!

When my mind weaves dreams  
With threads of memories,  
Then on that magic cloth will I emboss:

God! God! God!

Every night, in time of deepest sleep,  
My peace dreams and calls, Joy! Joy! Joy!

And my joy comes singing evermore:

God! God! God!

In waking, eating, working, dreaming, sleeping,

Serving, meditating, chanting, divinely loving,

My Soul will constantly hum, unheard by any:

God! God! God!

## ALL BOW TO THEE

Thou art the One Infinite of the monist;  
Thou art God and Nature of the dualist;  
Thou art the finite many of the polytheist;  
Thou art everything, O God, of the pantheist.  
Thou art the God of monists, dualists, polytheists  
and pantheists.  
Thou art both the Infinite Ocean and all its waves  
of finite creation,  
Because Thou art everything—  
The souls of monism, dualism, polytheism, panthe-  
ism,  
All bow to Thee!

## GOD'S BOATMAN

I want to ply my boats, many times,  
Across the gulf-after-death,  
And return to earth's shores  
From my home in heaven.  
I want to load my boat  
With those waiting, thirsty ones,  
That are left behind,—  
And carry them by the opal pool  
Of iridescent joy—  
Where my Father distributes  
His all-desire-quenching Liquid Peace.  
O! I will come again and again!  
Crossing a million crags of suffering;  
With bleeding feet, I will come,  
If need be—a trillion times,  
As long as I know  
One stray brother is left behind.  
I want Thee, O God,  
That I may give Thee to all!  
I want salvation,  
That I may give it to all!  
Free me, then, O God,

From the bondage of the body—  
That I may show others  
How they can free themselves!  
I want Thy everlasting happiness,  
Only that I may share it with others—  
That I may show all my brothers  
The way to happiness, forever and forever,  
    In Thee.

## FLIGHT!

I closed my eyes and saw the skies  
Of dim opalescent infinity spread 'round me.  
The grey chariot of the dawn of awakening,  
Displaying searchlight eyes,  
Came and took me away.  
I zoomed through space—  
Boring through the ether of mystery.  
I passed through age-hidden spiral nebulae.  
Willy-nilly, I went on and on,  
Left, right, north, south, above and below.  
I found no landing.  
I went through many tailspins of distractions,  
But I spun through limitlessness.  
I whirled through an eternal furnace of lights.  
At last, bit by bit, my plane melted  
In that transmuting flame;  
And then, bit by bit, my body melted  
In that purifying fire.  
Bit by bit my thoughts melted—  
My feelings became pure liquid light.

## MY DEVOTION

O Thou Mother of all conscious things,  
Be Thou consciously receptive to my prayers.  
Through Thee I know that I know;  
And Thou knowest all I know,  
So Thou knowest my prayers.  
And knowing and feeling Thee constantly thus,  
I know Thou art I, I am Thou.  
My little wavelet has vanished in Thee.  
I know Thou alone existed;  
And Thou alone dost exist now and ever will.  
Thou art impersonal, invisible,  
Unseen, formless, omnipresent,  
But forever I want to worship Thee  
As both personal and impersonal; by my devo-  
tion—  
I beheld Thee  
Sometimes as Krishna,  
Sometimes as Christ,  
Personal, visible and imprisoned  
In the little space  
Hidden within the temple of my love.  
O Invisible, just as Thou didst freeze  
Thy unseen Infinitude

Into the sea of cosmic finitude,  
So do Thou appear unto me—  
Visible and living—  
That I may serve Thee.  
I want to see Thee as the ocean of life  
With and without the ripples of finite creation.  
O Creator of all things,  
I want to worship Thee both as personal and im-  
personal.



## AFTER THIS

After the prison-petals of earth-life fade,  
And the soul-scent slips  
In the mighty cosmic wind of Spirit:  
No more would I love a flower-cage life,  
If I must return . . .  
Unless to mingle the dew-drop tears of other  
    prison'd souls with mine,  
And show them the way that I at last my freedom  
    won.

O! I would not mind dwelling  
In roses and daffodils—for a time—  
If that is of my own free will;  
But *forever to stay* behind the bars of beauty  
Of violet-sun-gold-rays, I care not;  
No more will I be compelled to live  
Even in a golden, heavenly cage.  
From flower to flower will I fly!  
I will wear the blackness of the night,  
Shimmering with the busy stars,—  
I will be the twinkle of their lights,  
And I will be the waking of the dawn—  
And burst forth with the warming rays of friend-  
    ship!

I will be the shepherd of stray souls,  
Or the humblest lamb in all His fold;  
I will be the most famous man,  
Or the least-known one of a cycle!  
I will be the tiniest Cosmic spark,  
Or roll as the mighty vapors of Life—  
Dashing my Power-fed soul  
Against the rocks of worldly strife!  
I will be the clouds, donning rainbow-garlands;  
I will puff bubbles of planets with my Breath—  
And float them on the waves of space!  
I will be the babble of the brook,  
And the voice of the nightingale!  
As emotion-waves, I will surge in the sea of  
souls!  
Holding to the log of laughter,  
I will float to the Shores of Bliss!  
I will sing through the voices of all;  
I will preach through all temples and prayers;  
I will love with the love of God!  
I will think with the thoughts of all;  
The hearts of all will be my heart;  
The souls of all will be my soul,  
And the smiles of all—my smile!

SHADOWS

Beds of flowers, or vales of tears;  
Dewdrops on buds of roses,—  
Or miser-souls, as dry as desert-sands;  
The little, running joys of childhood,  
Or the stampede of wild passions;  
The ebbing and rising of laughter,  
Or the haunting melancholy of sorrow;  
The will-o'-the-wisp of our desire,  
Leading only from mire to mire;  
The octopus-grip of self-complacency,  
And time-beaten habits;  
The first, joyous cry of the new-born babe,—  
And the last groan of death;  
The bursting joy of health  
Or the ravages of cruel disease:  
These, all of these, are but shadows—  
Seen by us on the Cosmic mental-screen.  
Shadows, and nothing but shadows!  
Yet shadows have, O, so many shades!  
For there are dark shadows,  
And there are light shadows . . .  
So even shadows may entertain!

## WHEREVER WE GO

Whether in Himalayan caves or crowded subway;  
Whether in jungle of modern Life or of Hindu-  
stan;

Wherever we go, teach us to discover Thee—  
In all Thy secret nooks—East, West, North,  
South, everywhere.

## PRAYER VERSUS DEMAND

*(Additional Instructions)*

*We should, as children of God, demand and not beg or pray as beggars.* God made man in His image. All those who know how to receive Him, by expanding the powers of the mind, can realize their sleeping divinity. Being children of God, we have dominion over all His things in the universe, even as He has.

*We, as sons of God, have dominion over all our Father's possessions. Why then does man, an image of God, suffer?* The question arises, why is it that many of our wishes are not fulfilled, and that many of God's children suffer intensely? God, with His infinite impartiality, could not make one child better than another. He originally made all souls alike, and in His Image. They also received the greatest gifts of God: the freedom of will, and the power to reason and to act.

*Man suffers because of his actions in the past.* Somewhere, sometime in the past, men have broken or have obeyed the laws of God and accordingly have brought about

different results. All men have the absolute liberty to use human reason wrongly or rightly. Misuse of God-given reason leads either to suffering or to sin; the right use leads to joy and to happiness. God, with His infinite nobility, would not punish us; we punish ourselves by our own unreasonable actions, and reward ourselves through our own good conduct. This alone explains why God's responsibility ends when He endows man with reason and with free-will.

*The law of cause and effect governs the past and present actions of man.* Man has misused this God-given independence and thus has brought ignorance, physical suffering, premature death, and other ills upon himself. He reaps what he sows. The law of cause and effect applies to all lives. A soul which is misguided or stricken with the notions of physical sickness, fear of accidents, or premature death carries them to the latter days of life. All the to-days in one's life are determined by the actions of all the yesterdays, and all the to-morrows of one's life depend on the way in which all the to-days are handled and lived.

Thus it is, that man, although created in the image of God and potentially endowed with His powers, loses his claim and birthright to dominion over his Father's universe through his own faults and self-imposed limitations. The misuse of reason, and the identification of the soul with the transitory body-environments and with hereditary and world influences, are responsible for his limitations and consequent miseries.

*How a sleeping son of God may become an awakened son of God.* Yet, the fact remains that a soul, however wrong outwardly, is potentially a sleeping son of God. The greatest of all sinners is but an unawakened son of God, a sleeping, immortal, who refuses fully to receive His Light by clarifying his consciousness. That is why in John 1:12 we find written, "But as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." The ocean cannot be received in a cup unless it is made as large as the ocean. Likewise the cup of human concentration and human faculties must be enlarged in order to comprehend God. Receiving

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denotes capacity acquired by self-development; it is different from mere belief.

*How the belief of being a son of God can become a realization.*

The purport of the above quotation is, that those sleeping sons of God, who awake by following the law of spiritual discipline, receive or feel God by developed intuition, and thus regain their latent powers as sons of God. It is ignorance which prompts man to imagine his littleness and limitations. *Ignorance is the sin of all sins.* It is the sleeping man who acknowledges and emphasizes his dream of human weaknesses. It is wrong for a soul to believe itself limited by the body, instead of *knowing* itself as a part of the unlimited Spirit. It is good and right to believe that one is a son of God, rather than the son of a mortal only, for it is metaphysically true that man is essentially made in the image of God. It is wrong, therefore, for one to imagine that he is a perishable creature. By *belief*, alone, one may some day *realize* his own soul to be a son of God. Hence, a wayward child must start by *believing* that he is a son of God, as belief is the initial condition for testing and knowing a truth.

When in trouble, one automatically prays to an unknown God and expects relief. If freed, even accidentally, from trouble, he believes his prayers were heard and responded to by God. But should his prayers remain unanswered, he becomes confused and begins to lose faith in God.

God, though all-powerful, does not act unlawfully or arbitrarily merely because one prays. He gives independence to man, who does what he pleases with it. To forgive human shortcomings arbitrarily would mean that God contradicts Himself: disregards the law of cause and effect, as applied to the law of action, and handles human lives, not according to Law as created by Himself, but according to His whim.

Nor can God be moved by flattery or by praise to change the course of His immutable laws. Besides, there is a great deal of beggary and ignorance in ordinary prayer. People just pray. Few know how to pray and touch God with their prayers; nor do they know whether their prayers are responded to; or whether things happened unaffected by prayers.

We do not distinguish between things which we need and things which we want. Sometimes it is very good that we do not receive what we think we want. A child may crave to touch a flame, but, to save it from harm, the mother does not grant the child's wish.

My purpose in presenting these *Sacred Demands*, received in the course of my various fruitful communions with our Father, is to enable my fellow-beings to effectually contact Him. I prefer the word "demand" to "prayer," because the former is devoid of the primitive and medieval conception of a kingly-tyrant-God whom we as beggars, have to supplicate and flatter. We should not ask God to be partial to us, because of our prayers, or to break the laws of cause and effect governing our actions by way of forgiveness for our wrong-doings. Must we then inevitably face the fruits of our actions as if by preordination or so-called fate?

No! there is a way out. The best of all ways is not to ask favor or amnesty from evil doings, nor be resigned and sit idle, inviting the law of action to take its course. We must remember that what is done by ourselves can be undone by our-

selves. We must adopt the antidotes for our poisonous actions. Laws of ill-health must be broken by following laws of good health. But what about chronic diseases and sufferings which are beyond the control of human care? When the power of human methods for curing ills, physical and mental, fails, revealing its limitations, then we must ask God, Who is unlimited in power, to help, and must demand as sons of God and not as beggars.

Every begging prayer, no matter how sincere, limits the soul. As sons of God, we must believe that we *have* everything the Father has. This is our birthright. Jesus first realized the truth, "I and my Father are one." That is why He had dominion over everything, even as His Father had. Most of us beg and pray without first establishing our divine birthrights; that is why we are limited by the law of beggary. Hence, we have not to beg, but to *reclaim* and *demand* from our Father that which we through our human imagination have believed to be lost.

It becomes necessary at this stage to destroy the wrong thought of ages—that we are frail human

beings. We must think, meditate, affirm, believe, and realize daily that we are sons of God. This realization may take time, but we must begin with the right method, rather than gamble with the unscientific beggary of prayers and consequently be invaded by disbelief, doubts, or the jugglery of superstition. It is only when the slumbering ego perceives itself not as a body, but as a free soul or son of God, residing in and working through the body, that it can rightfully and lawfully demand its divine rights.

These *sacred demands* reveal a few of the attitudes of the soul that have met with successful response from God. However, it is better not to demand in another's language. Just as one should not consult a book on love when one meets his beloved, but use the spontaneous language of his heart. If one uses another's language of love, in demands addressed to God, one must make them his own, by thoroughly understanding and dwelling on their meaning, and apply to them the utmost concentration and love. Although, when a lover addresses his beloved in the language of a great poet, with love and feeling, it is not amiss. Blind repetition of demands or affirmations, without concomitant de-

votion or spontaneous love, makes one merely a "praying victrola," which does not know what its prayer means. Grinding out prayers vocally and mechanically, while inwardly thinking of something else, does not bring response from God, being only a blind repetition, taking the name of God in vain—and is fruitless. Repeating a demand or prayer over and over again, mentally or orally, and with deepening attention and devotion, spiritualizes the prayer, and changes conscious, believing repetition to superconscious experience.

The Divine Being cannot be deceived by the mockery of a prayer, because He is the Fountain of Thoughts. He cannot be bribed at any time, yet it is easy to move Him with sincerity, persistency, concentration, devotion, determination, and faith. Furthermore, repeating a long, intellectual prayer with the mind absent, develops hypocrisy; and to pray or demand without understanding, develops ignorance, fanaticism, and superstition. Repeating a demand with deepening concentration and faith is not mechanical repetition, but a changing, progressing power and mental preparation which, step by step, scientifically reaches God.

These *sacred demands* are logical, devotional, deep, soul-outbursts. If one prepares the mind by concentration, and then deeply, with ever-increasing faith and devotion, mentally (or loudly in congregation), affirms these scientific divine demands, one is bound to receive results. To re-establish your unity with the Divine Father as a son of God is your greatest demand. Realize this, and you have received everything.

In order to examine, do not dig up the *demand-seed* now and then, after sowing it in the soil of faith, or it will never germinate to fulfillment. Sow your *demand-seed* in faith, and water it by repeated daily practices in demanding rightly. Never be discouraged if results are not forthcoming immediately. Stand firm in your demands, and you will regain your lost divine heritage; and then, and then only, will the Great Satisfaction visit your heart. Demand until you establish your divine rights. Demand unceasingly that which belongs to you, and you will receive it.

In demanding rightly, there is no room for superstition, disappointment, or doubt. Once you learn to operate the right chain of causation which

effectually moves God, you will know He was not hiding from you but that you were hiding from Him behind the shadow of self-created darkness. Once you feel you are a son of God, then by the steady effort of mental discipline and devotional meditation, you will have dominion over all things.

If your demand remains unfulfilled, unanswered, you can blame only yourself and your past actions. Do not become despondent: do not say that you have resigned yourself to fate, or the preordained commands of a whimsical God. But try, with increased effort after each failure, to get what you have not: what you did not receive because of your own fault, but what is yours already in spirit. You should demand with sacred devotion the recognition of your Divine Birthright as a son of God.

To know how and when to pray exactly according to the nature of our own demands is what brings the desired results. When the right method is applied it sets in motion the proper laws of God and the operation of these laws alone can scientifically bear results. God can only accede to the laws which He has made.



## YOGODA\* SAT-SANGA

Yogoda asks no one whether he is Christian, Jew, Hindu or Moslem. It only calls all followers of all faiths to travel, hand-clasped in fellowship, the One Highway of Scientific Realization—the shortest route to God—where all theological bypaths conjoin.

Yogoda is not a denomination. It is all-inclusive and ever-ready to welcome old, new, and to-be-discovered truths. Yogoda encourages and invites constructive exchange of human experiences; at the same time, without limitation, trying to seek more knowledge of the technique of self-realization and the universal art of living.

Yogoda definitely points out and teaches the *application* of the universal technique of self-realization, hidden behind the bowers of beliefs.

\*See glossary.

## GLOSSARY

ALLAH: Moslem name for God.

ALLAH-HO-AKBAR: God is most Great!

AUM OR OM: the basis of all sounds: universal symbol-word for God: called "Amin" by the Moslems and "Amen" by the Christians: "Aum" by the Hindus (see Cosmic Sound).

BABAJI\*: the Master of my Master's Master: is living an unusually long life and staying secretly in the Himalayas. His powers are Christ-like and miraculous.

BHAGAVAD GITA: Hindu Bible: sacred sayings of Sri Krishna: compiled about 1400 B. C. by sage Vyasa.

BODHI TREE: a banyan tree in India, under which Buddha found illumination.

BRAHMA: the all-pervading Spirit as immanent in creation.

BUDDHA: founder of Buddhism: great prophet of mercy and wisdom: called the "Enlightened One": born 557 B. C.

\*See footnote at end of Glossary.

**BUDDHIST:** one who accepts Buddha: a follower of Buddha.

**CHITTWA:** the faculty of abstract feeling.

**CHRIST-CONSCIOUSNESS:** consciousness of Spirit as immanent in every unit of vibratory creation.

**COSMIC-CONSCIOUSNESS:** consciousness of Spirit transcending finite creation.

**COSMIC-SOUND:** Om or Aum, or all-pervading sound emanating from Cosmic-vibration,—the voice of all creation, or of God. It can be heard through Yogoda method of meditation.

**GURU:** the only spiritual preceptor who introduces the disciple to God: guru is different from teacher and student, as one can have only one guru but may have many teachers.

**HINDU:** a member of one of the Aryan races in India which is from the original Caucasian race: Americans, Europeans and Hindus are from the same Caucasian race: originally white of skin, Hindus became olive-skinned, because of the hot sun. The Hindus of Kashmere, in the Northern, cold climate, are white-complexioned.

**HOLY VIBRATION:** God is intelligent vibration: God, the creator of all finite things, is holy: Holy Vibration refers only to the intelligent Cosmic-Vibration—God.

**INTUITION:** apprehension or knowledge derived immediately and spontaneously, not through the medium of senses or reason, upon which intelligence depends for its knowledge.

**KALI DIVINE:** mythological Hindu Goddess, represented as a woman with four hands: one hand holding a severed head, symbolizing conquered ignorance: the second representing nature's creative ability: the third symbolizing nature's preservative faculty: and the fourth representing the purifying, dissolving cosmic force: through this, She calls all creation back to Her soul.

**KORAN:** sacred sayings of Mohammed: Moslem Bible.

**KRISHNA:** the Divine Cowherd: he was a king as well as a prophet and is considered an incarnation of God: he lived in the world and carried the engrossing duties of a king, but he was not of the world: he played the flute, and in his early life was a cowherd: allegorically, Krishna represents the soul playing the flute of meditation to lead all the misled thoughts back to the fold of fulfillment.

**LAHIRI MAHASAYA\*:** my Master's Master: the one who revived the Yoga system in India: he was a prophet of the world but not of this world: he was Christ-like, and had miraculous powers: he was a family man: his life-teachings of Yoga, being calmly active and actively calm, coincide with the spiritually aspiring business man of America.

**MOHAMMED:** great prophet of God, who, by his divine martial spirit, led his spiritual army to the Kingdom of God: founder of Islam.

**MOHAMMEDAN:** follower of Mohammed, or a professor of his religion.

**MOSES:** great prophet of God, who saw Him as Light burning the bushes of ignorance.

\*See footnote at end of Glossary.

NAMAZ: the chief prayer of the Moslems.

NANAKA: great leader and saint of the Sikhs in India.

OM-TAT-SAT: Holy Ghost, Son, and Father: or Cosmic-vibration, Christ-consciousness in creation, and Cosmic-consciousness resting beyond creation.

OM: same as Aum.

PRANA: specific life-force in the human body and all living creatures.

RAM PROSHAD: one of India's greatest devotional saints.

SAT-SANGA: fellowship with man by appreciation: fellowship with God by meditation.

SHIVA: represents the Infinite Transcendental Spirit existing in relation to his consort, Kali, the finite creator of nature.

SWAMI: one who is master of himself; the order was founded by Swami Shankara about the seventh century: a Swami can only receive his title by being ordained as such by another Swami: he renounces the world and considers himself as only belonging to the human family. There are ten additional titles attached to the Swami order, like giri, puri, bharati, etc.

SWAMI SHANKARA: founder of the Swami order: he lived and taught in the eighth century: every Swami can be traced to him: he was the greatest commentator on Vedanta philosophy, and a practical Yogi: he expounded God, not as something negative, but positive, eternal, ever-conscious, omnipresent, ever-new Bliss: he performed many miracles like Christ.

SWAMI SRIYUKTESWAR: my great Master, living in India, to whom I owe all my spiritual inspiration: he has miraculous powers and is the image of wisdom.

**SYMBOL OF YOGODA SAT-SANGA LOTUS:** the symbol in the lotus outline on the front cover signifies the single spiritual eye of meditation, the pranic star through which we must enter to find Cosmic-consciousness—taught by the Yogoda method of meditation. “Therefore, when thine eye be single, thy body shall be full of light . . . Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness.” —Luke 11:34-35.

**VIHARA:** a Buddhist temple.

**YOGA:** communion with God through the practice of scientific meditation.

**YOGI:** one who unites himself scientifically with God: a Yogi may be a man of the world or may renounce everything: a Yogi wants to know God through the practice of scientific meditation.

**YOGODA:** the technique of self-realization which fully develops body, mind and soul: teaches the method of recharging the body-battery with will-power, producing fatigueness: also teaches the great art of concentration and meditation.



YOGODAN: a follower of the Yogoda technique  
of self-realization.

\*The Swami will soon publish a biography of Babaji, Lahiri  
Mahasaya and other Saints.

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